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July 1950

The American Mercury

RACKET IN CONTRACEPTIVES

Grace Naismith

THE PRESS HAMPERS JUSTICE

Judge Simon H. Rifkind

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PHYSIOTHERAPY

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George Jean Nathan's Theatre



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The American Mercury for August

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In addition there will be many other articles and features, including the regular departments: The Library, The Check List, The Open Forum, The Theatre, The Skeptics' Corner, and Down to Earth.

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The American Mercury

THE RACKET IN CONTRACEPTIVES

BY

GRACE NAISMITH

OF THE estimated \$200 million spent yearly for contraceptives, only about one-tenth is spent for the kinds recommended as best by physicians and birth control clinics. The rest goes for products which are unsatisfactory, ineffective, or even dangerous to health. Because of the very personal nature of the subject, the public hesitates to ask for scientific facts, which are not too readily available. It has, therefore, few ways to distinguish the reputable products from those of charlatans. And it is woefully susceptible to "feminine

hygiene" advertising, one of the most insidious euphemisms that has ever been perpetrated by big business.

Many of the douches, powders and suppositories that come under the classification of feminine hygiene are highly unreliable as contraceptives. The douche, for instance, the most widely used of the feminine hygiene methods, is one of the least effective. Says Dr. Emil Novak of Johns Hopkins University, "While widely employed by many trusting women, the use of any type of douche, employing any kind of chemical, is so unreliable

GRACE NAISMITH has written on maternal health problems for many national magazines. Her article has been checked by three outstanding gynecologists.

that it cannot be recommended." But the manufacturers all claim that "these products are not sold as contraceptives!"

Of course not. There are laws prohibiting the advertising of contraceptives, except in medical or drug publications. Then what are they advertised for — to the tune of more than \$1 million a year? For "hygienic" reasons, which means "necessary for the preservation of health!" For "Cleanliness," "Daintiness."

The truth is, however, that douches are not normally needed for either hygiene *or* cleanliness *or* daintiness. If a condition exists where a douche is needed for medical reasons, the doctor will prescribe a suitable preparation. As for cleanliness and daintiness, all a woman needs is a bath!

"Douches," write Drs. Crossen and Crossen, eminent gynecologists, "are not required for cleanliness; in fact, they may interfere somewhat with normal physiology and the germicidal vaginal contents which tend to keep the vagina in healthy condition."

Routine douching, as the advertisements advise, is unnecessary and may be harmful. An occasional douche, of course, is acceptable. "A simple douche is a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of lukewarm water," says Dr. Crossen. But for all normal purposes, Nature, plus a common everyday bath is quite sufficient.

It seems incredible that women will spend millions of dollars a year for "hygienic" medicants! The truth is that basically the "hygiene" purposes mentioned in the advertisements are meant to make the reader believe that the products are effective as birth control methods. Even the Federal Trade Commission considered feminine hygiene synonymous with contraception when, in 1944, it took action against the Zonite Products Corporation for intimating that its products constituted effective contraceptives. The Federal Trade Commission reported that the preparations, "when used as a means of feminine hygiene or otherwise, are not effective, reliable, or dependable contraceptives in that they cannot and do not always contact all spermatozoa in the genito-urinary tract."

The company soon changed its advertising to read: "You know it is not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can BE SURE ZONITE DOES kill every *reachable* living germ." Perhaps the Federal Trade Commission feels that the advertisement is no longer misleading! But to the majority of women who read such statements in the women's magazines, a sperm is a germ. And Zonite is "so powerful."

Actually, the germs normally present in the vaginal tract do not have to be killed. Not only are they quite

harmless, but they may even be beneficial. The word "germ" is subtly intended to imply "sperm." The assumption is that the solution will kill sperm. This is a fallacy. A chemical which may be an excellent germicide may prove to be a very ineffective spermicide. As a matter of fact, water itself is a spermicide.

Lysol, largest seller in the douche field, offers this test to emphasize how Lysol "reaches many germs":

On the teeth of a clean, dry, fine-tooth comb, put a drop of water. It remains a drop. Now do the same with Lysol. Even on this dry surface, Lysol reaches out and spreads down in between the teeth of the comb . . . Lysol's unusual spreading power enables it to spread and spread, reaching down into tiny vaginal crevices.

Yet, at the Newark Maternal Health Center, 250 out of 507 women who used Lysol became pregnant. Dr. Norman E. Himes and Dr. Abraham Stone, in *Practical Birth Control Methods*, write: "Lysol is not so reliable a spermicide as many simple household supplies such as lemon juice or vinegar."

Furthermore, in concentrated solutions, Lysol is a strong poison and may be dangerous when improperly used. Although the directions shout with skull and crossbones, women have been known to pour a little in a syringe, then add the water. Result:

the heavier-than-water solution sinks to the bottom and is first to reach the tender mucous membranes of the vagina. Result: vaginal burns, and even uterine poisoning.

Many women do buy douche products because they are taken in by the "daintiness" appeal. I believe this is more true of the younger women and the unmarried ones, who have been brought up on the more recent advertising in women's magazines and movie publications — "It's really only in the last decade that women in great numbers have finally begun to realize how important douching two or three times a week is to intimate feminine cleanliness, womanly charm and health."

There are also the little booklets put out by the manufacturers themselves. Delicately pink and flowery, each of these booklets woos its innocent readers with gentle phrases: "It's wise not to take chances with such a fleeting thing as daintiness. Syringe regularly." "A marriage may lose all the glorious magic of romance . . . because of a wife's carelessness about feminine hygiene. You surely don't want to risk such a deeply personal tragedy." The picture of a lovely girl, tears streaming down her face as her husband turns away from her, usually accompanies such copy. "Why are his kisses just 'pecks' now?"

Says Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman in

the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, "Many women retain their faith in douches because the odor of the solution, or its qualities of giving a pleasing aftereffect, appeals to their æsthetic sense. This has been made use of by manufacturers with a resulting popular appeal." An example of the popularity of such douche products is evident in this advertisement from a recent copy of *The American Druggist*:

Hit the Jackpot in this \$212 million market. Push Zonite, one of the fastest money leaders in this rich feminine hygiene field.

II

But the douche racket is not the only one in the feminine hygiene field. There are many offenders. At least five or six hundred products are on the market to confuse the gullible public. There are liquids, tablets, suppositories and powders. And the more fantastic the contrivance for application, the better the women seem to like it.

One firm features a powder that has to be blown into the vagina with an instrument resembling a bazooka gun. The same company also put out a douche bag with a ballooning technique, which had sufficient pressure to force fluid into the womb and Fallopian tubes, causing infection. Fortunately, the Food and Drug

Administration put the product out of distribution.

An instrument for inserting a contraceptive jelly into the vagina was reported by Dr. Clarence Gamble, member of one of the American Medical Association's committees on contraception, to be powerful enough to shoot the jelly six feet in the air at a speed of thirteen miles an hour. Such force, when the trigger was pulled on this ingenious device, would make it theoretically possible for some of the jelly to enter the uterus, a dangerous procedure indeed.

Thanks to the Food and Drug Administration, a close tab is kept on the worthless and dangerous products which reach the market. It has done a magnificent job in forcing many manufacturers to improve the products which do not meet the claims on their labels. And the Federal Trade Commission has also been able to have products removed from circulation which do not live up to their advertising claims. Unfortunately, however, the Federal government can interfere only when the products or their advertisements cross state lines! Thus a dangerous or useless contraceptive item made in one state and promoted and sold there only cannot be controlled by these Federal agencies. And only three states — Oregon, Idaho and Arkansas — have laws to regulate the sale of

contraceptives. In Connecticut and Massachusetts, of course, all forms of birth control are illegal. It goes without saying that under such conditions, undesirable, ineffective and at times dangerous means of contraception are more prevalent than the safer, medically supervised methods.

For the woman who wants to know more about the contraceptive she is using, a query to either the Food and Drug Administration or the Federal Trade Commission will bring an honest report. A letter to the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill., asking for information on any specific product, will bring an answer, *gratis*. Consumer Union's *Report on Contraceptive Materials* is also a good source of information, but their pamphlet is available only to married subscribers for whom contraceptives have been prescribed by a physician.

One has only to see the shelves piled high with contraceptive products in Dr. Gordon A. Granger's office at the Food and Drug Administration in Washington to realize how extensive the fly-by-night business is. Many of the douche powders contain only borax and soda or perfumed salt! Taken off the market because of false claims on the label were such items as MD Medicated Douche Powder — its MD misled the public into thinking it had medi-

cal sanction. There were Ladies Aid No. 1, Nu-Mode Douche Tablets and Rose Bud Suppositories — all sorts of fantastically-named items. One brazen company set itself up as the American Health Association, with offices in Washington, D. C., several years ago. Under that title, with several other names which capitalized on women's services and hygienic laboratories, the company hired solicitors to sell its product and called them *Visiting Nurses!* They were given Certificates of Membership, wore badges of identification, and traveled from door to door selling products that were false in their entirety — Health Shields, Protex-U-Medicator, various ointments and powders.

To top it all, they published a collection of booklets called the "Happy Family Series." These contained advice on the ten commandments of happy marriage, how to hold a husband's love, and how to win him back. By buying their products, a happy family was assured! This organization is fortunately no longer in existence, by virtue of the Federal Trade Commission. But it does show how easily the unsuspecting public can be duped, and the extent to which the feminine hygiene racket can go.

Another daring scheme to sell contraceptive products was perpetrated

by a Chicago company. It distributed a booklet on birth control written, supposedly, by an Englishman, Dr. Norman Carr, "the most widely read author on the subject." "So great has been the acclaim accorded his writings," the booklet said, "that their publication has exceeded 12 million copies, in 26 editions." It sounded impressive. But Dr. Carr, it developed, was a fictitious name used by the company to give a scientific aura to the business. His photograph was that of a model from Underwood and Underwood!

Included in this organization's elaborate program were its own clinics, set up to fit diaphragms and sell jellies. The advertising of these clinics stated that "The First Medical Bureau of Information on Birth Control was opened to the public in Chicago in 1929. It immediately became a mecca for Chicago wives, and many women have traveled great distances for information." The Federal Trade Commission soon put a stop to the false and misleading claims of this company, including a statement that its diaphragm "provided complete security against the hazards of 'foreign' germ life."

The clinic, however, still lives on. Some of the company's products have been improved and now meet the medical requirements; others do not. And poor Mrs. John Q. Public

continues to buy them without discrimination. She doesn't know any better. Nor is she likely to be corrected as long as the discussion of feminine hygiene is limited to the back fence.

III

One of the birth control schemes which insults the poor unwary mother is the avalanche of calendars and slide rules, magical wheels and booklets sold to explain the "rhythm" or safe period technique. There is everything from the flimsy little cardboard number that sells for a dime to fancy contraptions that go for \$6 and \$8. *Rhythm of Sterility and Fertility in Women*, by Dr. Leo J. Latz, has sold over 400,000 copies. The jacket says the system is "Hygienic, Practical, Ethical, Dependable."

The rhythm system is "natural birth control," according to the Catholic Church, which condones it under certain circumstances. Based on the fact that a woman can become pregnant only on certain days of the month, the theory is that she is safe the rest of the time. It can be a workable practice for some women, whose menstrual cycle is highly regular. But anxiety, a trip, a shock, or perhaps a cold or fever will upset that cycle. Furthermore, as Dr. George W. Kosmak said in the *Journal of American Medical Association*, "Mathemati-

cal calculations based on menstrual dates are scarcely reliable or opportune in moments of sexual excitement. It places too much of a strain on human nature."

There is no question, however, that the safe period can be calculated for some women. For instance, at the Rhythm Clinic at the Free Hospital for Women in Brookline, Mass., a study was made of women who used the rhythm method, most of them Catholic; it disclosed that failures occurred in only 3 per cent of the cases. This was under medical supervision, however, and the mathematical predictions were not made by the women themselves. As Dr. Latz says in his own authoritative book, "Practically only a few women could work out the scheme unaided." He recommends the family doctor for advice. How, then, can women place their faith in the predictor calendars and wheels, pouring out good dollars for information that can be classed almost in the rabbit-foot realm of superstition?

The Federal Trade Commission did take action against one firm for claiming that its device, "The Rule of Life," could accurately calculate the sterile and fertile cycles. The company admitted that, according to the weight of reliable medical opinion, no such method could be relied on. The gadget, incidentally, is still

being sold. And the mails continue to deliver similar advice to married and unmarried women alike. Says Attorney Morris Ernst:

If the FTC would declare certain of the other rhythm calendars and their advertising circulars a fraud on the women of the land and that the practice must cease, along with the feminine hygiene advertising, it would be a step in the right direction for dignifying planned parenthood.

All too often the woman who has failed in her attempts to prevent an unwanted pregnancy resorts, in her desperation, to an abortion. That is another brutal story, which comes into this picture because it may be the tragic end of the mother who knew too little about the facts of life. It is the women of the less educated strata that suffer the most.

Two years ago, Dr. Earl Lomon Koos of the University of Rochester checked the contraceptive methods of 156 working-class families against those of 156 middle-class families; he found that only 2 per cent of the former used the diaphragm and jelly method, considered the safest now known. The higher cost was one reason for this low percentage; lack of education the other. Less than 6 per cent of the working-class families obtained their contraceptive information from physicians. In both groups, most advice came from drugstores!

In sharp contrast is Dr. Alan Guttmacher's 1949 report on 2000 fertile married women and their contraceptive methods. The diaphragm and jelly was used by 41.7 per cent and the condom by 43.3 per cent. Most of the women were wives of professional and white collar men. Even with these two most recommended methods, at least eighteen women reported pregnancies. But of the 340 women who used other contraceptive methods, 164 reported pregnancy in spite of continued use. Such findings throw into sharp relief the need for educating people to the use of contraceptives.

Doctors themselves are not entirely above reproach when it comes to recommending certain dangerous contraceptives, the stems, rings, wishbone-shaped pessaries and such. Although the medical journals have criticized them for years, some doctors still persist in prescribing them. In the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, a recent article by Dr. S. Leon Israel again advises that such devices be withdrawn from the market and declared illegal. He reported several recent cases of pelvic inflammation, one of the women developing critical peritonitis. More than a dozen deaths, he claims, can be directly ascribed to complications following their use.

Such practices spring up in differ-

ent localities. Colorado and New Mexico were a focal point for this dangerous type of contraceptive at one time. Dr. Israel's report was chiefly about South Carolina. All of the cases came to him within six weeks! That the medical profession should clean up this situation is obvious, but if women knew more about the subject themselves, they could at least refuse to have such a device inserted. "All contraceptive devices which are inserted into the cervical canal or into the uterus are dangerous," says Dr. Pendleton Tompkins. "They ought to be rendered illegal."

One cannot warn too strongly against the use of these dangerous devices. In some instances, the flanges of the wishbone have perforated the walls of the uterus. In others, the contraption has become imbedded in the cervix, and an operation has had to be performed to remove it. Shipments of several different makes of stem pessaries have been seized by the Food and Drug Administration because of their potential danger to the user.

With the flood of commercial contraceptives available, it is no wonder that there is so much confusion for everyone. As Dr. Stone says, "The unwarranted and often misleading claims constitute a serious menace to the public and also to the progress of scientific contraception."

Doctors are still the best source for wise individual birth control information, and they have taken many steps in the last few years to stabilize the contraceptive industry. The American Medical Association has its own committees — the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry, and the Council on Physical Medicine — to test contraceptive materials and devices, which are submitted to them by manufacturers for approval. There is no requirement that manufacturers must submit their products, but the most reputable ones do. Furthermore, 60 per cent of the approved medical colleges now provide instruction in contraceptive techniques. It's a step in the right direction, certainly, but when only 6 per cent of the working class people get their contraceptive advice from doctors, the feminine hygiene racket, with its douches and powders and rhythm calendars, will still prosper. An informed womanhood is the best control of the frauds and dangers of the contraceptive situation.

One step in the right direction has been the adoption of child-spacing services by the state public health departments in North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, and Virginia; and by some counties in other states. Under such state medical supervision, there is no danger from faulty hygiene products.

The Planned Parenthood Federation clinics — over 200 throughout the country — are all under medical supervision. And there are several hundred more birth control clinics run by public health centers, hospitals, etc. At most of these clinics, the preferred diaphragm and jelly method is recommended. Properly used, it is considered the most effective. At the Margaret Sanger Research Bureau in New York, this method has now been used for over 110,000 women and found to be 95 per cent effective.

One word of warning should be given in regard to clinics, for rackets can flourish in this phase of feminine hygiene, too. For instance, by running through the telephone books in several cities, under birth control, one finds a number of listings which can be proved to have no legitimate backing. That is, they are not sponsored by a recognized social-service organization, a hospital of good standing, a group of reputable citizens, or Planned Parenthood. They are profit-making organizations, which reliable clinics are *not*. Some sell their own products; others charge prices far in excess of that asked by reputable clinics. And some give evidence of being abortion headquarters!

I visited one such place in a most unsavory section of a large city. There was no sign in the building to indicate where the birth control

"center" was. But underneath a doctor's name on a mail box, I found a soiled card with B.C. on it. When I entered the office, I met no nurses or secretaries — only a doctor. The place gave anything but the professional appearance of a clinic. It was dirty, cluttered and quite unpleasant.

"How much does it cost?" I asked the unkempt-looking doctor.

"Ten dollars — unless we have to perform some pre-marital operation. Then you have to fork over another ten."

"But — but," I stalled, "I thought this was a clinic, a Planned Parenthood Federation clinic."

He saw that I was not one of his usual customers. I would hate to have had a daughter of mine fall into this sort of unsavory situation, however, as an introduction to married life. An innocent bride might be led into any sort of trap through such unauthorized direction. Fortunately, the clinic feminine hygiene racket is rare.

Condoms account for approximately \$100 million (half) of the yearly output for contraceptives, and the woman who counts on them for protection should have some estimate of their value. They are second in use to the douche method, and more effective, since thousands of defective ones are now destroyed yearly by the Food and Drugs Administration.

But ten years ago they were so imperfect that at least half of those sold were defective; and it is still possible today for local fly-by-night manufacturers to sell cheap and inferior condoms through barber shops, bellhops and vending machines. Conversely, in 1947 five leading manufacturers produced 720 million condoms, and tests showed them to be essentially reliable.

They sell for many times their actual value, however. The margin of profit often hits 2000 per cent, because it is a "whisper item." At three for 50 cents or more, the buyer pays a high price for the whisper, since the article itself costs about eight-tenths of a cent to make.

IV

It isn't a pretty picture, this record of contraceptives, and it isn't likely to be corrected as long as it is kept in the back alleys of discussion. Contraception is only a fragment of the whole field of sex education, about which the average person is woefully ignorant. As Dr. Himes says, "We must further democratize birth control information if the life, health, and well-being of mothers are to be protected." We must certainly be better informed if we are to avoid the dangerous and futile and money-wasting methods.

There has been definite advance-

ment in both medical and governmental control of the problem in the last ten years. But until the women themselves disregard the feminine hygiene hucksters, there can be little progress in dignifying the control of birth. Equally important, of course, is more research to find a simple, inexpensive, readily-obtainable and effective method. None of the present chemical or mechanical means are entirely satisfactory. Dr. Dickinson reports that in one study, 50 per cent of the women abandoned the safest method, diaphragm and jelly, because they did not like it—they preferred to take chances on less secure methods rather than bother with that one, which is also prohibitively expensive for many people. Dr. Nicholson Eastman, in a recent issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, advocates further research on the suppository, a simpler procedure.

Some of the better pharmaceutical houses are experimenting in contraceptive research, but if they do discover and market a simple, inexpensive method, it will be an act of considerable nobility on their part—they are making thousands of dollars on expensive methods. To produce something for the masses at a price they can pay requires more of the humanitarian spirit than most

business men have. Yet one such manufacturing house has spent thousands of dollars on research in the last few years. Its director said recently, "Give me \$500,000 and five top scientists—a physicist, an enzyme chemist, a bio-chemist, an organic chemist and a cytologist, plus a statistician—and within three years we can produce a satisfactory contraceptive." But the scientists and the funds are not available!

Under the direction of the National Research Council in Washington, the Committee on Human Reproduction includes the search for an ideal contraceptive in its over-all program for maternal health. But last year, less than \$100,000 was available for *all* projects—infertility, miscarriage, hormones, and related studies. Contraceptive devices were merely a facet of the research. Out of this vital program, however, may come the discovery of a method of controlling pregnancies that will give both security and dignity to a practice that is here to stay.

"The ideal contraceptive should be entirely harmless, reliable, acceptable and provide long-term protection," says Dr. Stone. "Perhaps future development lies in the field of biological methods." But until that time, the women of our land need not continue to be duped by the feminine hygiene racketeers.

WHEN THE PRESS HAMPERS JUSTICE

BY JUDGE SIMON H. RIFKIND

THERE has been much talk lately of what is called Trial By Newspaper. In recent months there have been a number of cases in the courts which have aroused widespread public interest, and there has been a correspondingly widespread coverage of the details of the cases — from the first rumors of charges to the final verdict of the jury.

Although the problem has been accentuated recently, it is not a new one. I need not emphasize that there have been clashes between court and press at certain times long before the current controversy. There is a vast literature on the subject but, like the weather, it is something we constantly talk about but never do anything about. Now, however, that the citizens of New York are trying to do something about their weather, perhaps the citizens of our country can take some steps to resolve this conflict between court and press.

If one stops to inspect the collision

which occasionally occurs between the courts and the press, one discovers that it is a contest, not between right and wrong, but between two rights. All contests have dramatic possibilities, and if we were to search for the appropriate branch of the dramatic arts to which this particular contest belongs, I think we should find it to be in that class which the Greeks called tragedy. It is a contest between hero and hero, not between hero and villain. In such a tragedy the end is always disastrous, and in those unfortunate cases when conflict develops between court and press, the result is frequently disastrous to justice itself.

Two illustrations to demonstrate how the problem arises in this country and in England, and how differently it is disposed of in the two places. What follows is reported in the appendix to a decision of the United States Supreme Court written by Mr. Justice Frankfurter (*Maryland v. Baltimore Radio Show*, U. S., 1950).

JUDGE SIMON H. RIFKIND recently resigned from the bench of the Federal District Court of the Southern New York District, to which he was appointed by the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1941. His article is appearing concurrently in the Bar Bulletin of the New York County Lawyers Association.

Sometime early last year a man named Haigh, the so-called "Blue-beard," was arrested in England and charged with murder. He was in custody when the London *Daily Mirror*, in a style familiar to those who read New York newspapers — described him as a "vampire" and said that he had committed other murders. The newspaper published a photograph of one of his alleged victims with a description of the manner in which that alleged crime had been committed. Haigh sued out a writ to punish the editor and publisher of the *Daily Mirror*. The issue before the Court was not whether the published story was true or false. The Court said that the truth of the publication was immaterial, but that the story had made it very difficult for Haigh to obtain a fair trial. The Court thereupon sent the editor of the *Daily Mirror* to jail, fined the publisher £10,000 — before devaluation — and warned the directors of the publishing company to beware, that the arm of the court was long enough to reach even them. That was done in England where, as we know, there is a high standard of judicial performance and where there exists what we would regard as a free press.

How was a similar incident handled in the United States? A child in the City of Washington had been brutally murdered, and ten days after dis-

covery of the crime, another child in nearby Baltimore was tragically slaughtered. There was great excitement and fear throughout Baltimore. At this point a radio broadcaster went on the air and opened his program with the words, "Stand by for a sensation." He then reported the arrest of one James and stated that James had confessed to the killing of the child in Baltimore. He said that James had a prior criminal record, and that at the request of the police he had re-enacted the crime and had even disinterred the murder weapon.

The Baltimore Court, holding that the broadcast constituted a "clear and present danger" to the administration of justice and an obstruction to the judicial process, convicted the broadcaster of contempt of court. The highest court of Maryland reversed, feeling that it was compelled to do so under the decisions of the United States Supreme Court. The conviction of the newscaster was regarded as an abridgement of freedom of speech and of the press. The Supreme Court subsequently denied an application for a writ of *certiorari*.

The difference in the treatment of the conflict here and in England is clearly illustrated by the case of the scientist Fuchs, convicted of having divulged secrets relating to atomic energy. Before Fuchs' conviction, the New York *Herald Tribune* one day

headlined the fact that the "British Press Can't Comment on Fuchs' Case. Law Forbids Discussion of Charges Pending Trial." Here, on the other hand, everything pertaining to the Fuchs case that the papers could gather was published. There is practically no restraint upon the character of the information and opinion which a newspaper can publish about a case before trial, while it is pending before a jury, or after it has been decided.

II

What is involved in the problem is a clash between two great constitutional principles. On the one hand our Constitution proclaims that we are all entitled to freedom of expression by word of mouth or by publication, and that Congress shall pass no law abridging that right. On the other hand, the Constitution guarantees due process to one accused of crime.

If you look at the problem from the point of view of the press alone, the answer is rather simple — news is news. It is not only a commodity that can be sold, but the press would cite a much higher warrant for its activities. The press would say that it has a responsibility to impart such information as it can obtain to its readers. What happens in the courtroom is public property and the public is en-

titled to know how the public business is transacted. The reporter, no less than any other private citizen, is entitled to express his opinion on what he sees and hears in court, and his comments, therefore, are immune from interference by virtue of that guarantee of freedom of the press. If you point to the fact that it exposes the judicial process to some risks and injuries, the answer would probably be that that is one of the prices we have to pay for the privilege of enjoying freedom of the press.

There is considerable to be said for the proposition that the minute you deny the verity of this claim to immunity, you must endow someone with the right to say what shall or shall not go into the press, and that means censorship. That means censorship even though the censors may be judges. Judges are men, not angels. While some would exercise the power of censorship with high regard for the true interests of the judicial process, others might exercise it to prevent perfectly proper criticism of their own administration of office.

That is what the press could say; they could call upon high authority to sustain the positions that we cannot have a free society without a free press, and that at whatever point we interfere with freedom of the press we exercise a corrosive influence upon the freedom of our society. The au-

thority to whom they could refer would be Thomas Jefferson himself who said — in language indicating that the habit of one segment of the fourth estate has not changed materially in a century and a half —

I deplore . . . the putrid state into which our newspapers have passed, and the malignity, the vulgarity, and mendacious spirit of those who write them. . . . These ordures are rapidly depraving the public taste.

It is however an evil for which there is no remedy, our liberty depends on the freedom of the press, and that cannot be limited without being lost.

If we look at the contest from the point of view of the other contestant — those who try to keep the judicial system running with its high tradition of adherence to due process and fair trial — we get an entirely different picture. They start with a proposition which is basic: that the judicial process is the central pivot about which a free society revolves. I sometimes marvel at the fact that in over five thousand years of history we have invented no other institution for the disposition of human conflict without violence. It has been a slow growth. Even in international affairs we have not yet made the institution workable. I therefore need make no apologies for feeling that it is mighty important to preserve that institution against the threat of deterioration.

There are many parts of the world today where judicial forms are used to accomplish results foreign to the judicial process. They have a courtroom, a bench, judges and people called lawyers. They often have persons identified as witnesses. But if you read the record of their proceedings, you feel that a great institution has been subverted and perverted to an utterly foreign purpose. Naturally we feel a sense of revulsion when we read of that kind of activity. It is important for us, therefore, to be alert to any intrusion into the judicial process which may impair the high idealism which animates it. The process functions successfully only as long as the public feels that it grinds out what they can accept without — to use the title of a recent book — a “sense of injustice.” Law loses its normative function the minute the public loses faith in the judicial process and feels that it is a mill that grinds out sometimes justice and sometimes injustice. Then order can be maintained only by the force of tyranny.

Lawyers and judges make heroic efforts and resort to much ritual to preserve public confidence in the judicial system. We go to great lengths to make certain that our juries are free from prejudice. After they are impaneled, the judge keeps reminding the jurors, and thereby himself, that they must decide the case solely

on the facts openly adduced in court and on argument openly heard in court. We proceed in an orderly manner, so that first one side and then the other is given the fullest opportunity to speak. By means of the rules of evidence, an impartial judge screens the information which is passed to the jury to make certain that nothing enters which can pollute the stream of information upon which the jury is to decide the rights of the litigants. An attitude of dispassionateness, of objectivity, of serenity prevails in the courtroom.

That time-honored procedure, forged through the generations to the single end that issues shall be impartially determined on relevant evidence alone, works fairly well in all cases but one — the celebrated cause. As soon as the *cause celebre* comes in, judges and lawyers no longer enjoy a monopoly. They have a partner in the enterprise and that partner is the press.

The process of erosion begins long before the trial. The area from which the jury panel is to be called is drenched with all kinds of information — some true, some false — all unchecked by the selective processes of the law, all uncleansed of the dross which it is the object of the laws of evidence to exclude. By the time the panel is called to the courthouse, its members have been living in a climate

surcharged with emotion either favorable or unfavorable to one of the litigants. To exclude from the jury panel all who have read about the case or heard about it over the radio is to reduce the jury to the blind, the deaf and the illiterate. So the jury must be selected from these precharged human vessels.

And then comes the trial itself. Recently my colleague, Judge McGohey, told me of a simple case before him involving an injured seaman. There was something in the papers in the case about the man's origin and early history which was inflammatory, and which would have diverted the jury from its duty to decide the case on the relevant facts. Judge McGohey told me that, as a matter of course, he called counsel to the bench and secured an agreement that that material should not be disclosed to the jury. The jury never heard about it, and decided the case without reference to this prejudicial material.

If that were a celebrated case, what would have happened? Judge McGohey would have had the same agreement with counsel, and the material would have been kept from the eyes and ears of the jury that afternoon. That night the twelve men and women would start for home and, fifty feet from the courthouse, they would receive a copy of their evening paper and there, on the front page,

would see the excluded material. If any one of them was nearsighted, he would arrive home, turn on the radio at 7, 8 or 9 o'clock, and hear a commentator express his views on this piece of excluded evidence.

The next morning the jurors, on their way to the courthouse, would open their morning papers and there read the column of a hypothetical columnist whom I shall call Sokolborn. In his column would appear the statement, conveying this thought: "I don't think this witness ought to be believed. After all, he has a bad record and is a convicted liar. But I think every intelligent juror should place credence in the other witness."

Or it may be that in the courtroom a question is asked and objection is taken. The judge listens to argument and during a recess consults Wigmore. Wigmore refers him to some cases which he reads. After some meditation he returns and renders his reflected decision: "Objection sustained." The answer is not given in the courtroom. But that night, in Mr. Sokolborn's column, the jurors find the question and they find the answer — but with a difference. The answer they find is not protected by an oath and whoever supplies that answer does not take upon himself what we used to call the risk of the pains and penalties of perjury. Further, whoever supplies the informa-

tion for that column does not have to confront the defendant as he would if he were a witness in the case. The informant is not subject to cross-examination, a process which has been called the greatest instrument ever invented for the discovery of truth. So we have unsworn testimony, unconfronted-witness-testimony, uncross-examined testimony going to the jurors. Moreover, it is uncontradicted testimony because the story in Sokolborn's column is not received in evidence, and therefore the poor defendant or plaintiff, as the case may be, is not afforded the opportunity to put anyone on the witness stand to contradict or explain it.

III

That is indeed a strange situation. If that kind of practice obtained in surgery, the situation would be somewhat as follows. The poor victim is on the operating table. He has been prepared by all the latest methods of science so that he is as pure, as clean, as sterile as science can make him. He is wheeled into the operating room, which has been as thoroughly prepared for his reception. No germ would dare try to penetrate the devices employed for its extermination. The doctor wears a sterile gown. He has cleansed his hands, turned off the faucets with his elbows, and donned rubber gloves. The nurses have masks

over their mouths to prevent contamination. Elaborate precautions are taken to insure against infection. Precisely when the incision is made, the windows are thrown wide open, and the dust, dirt and pollution of the Sanitation Department's trucks are allowed to enter.

If that were the practice of surgery, we would think the surgeons were mad. And of course they would be. There would doubtless be numerous medical miscarriages. And when we use a comparable method in the courts, we have miscarriages of justice.

And here is the strangest part of the dilemma. Sokolborn never took an oath. He was never scrutinized by the FBI. He was never passed upon by the United States Senate, a comparable state body, or the voters. He has his license to write only because a publisher gives him a column in his paper. But Sokolborn is free to comment on the evidence in the case; he is free to disclose testimony which the judge excludes, to tell the jury whom to believe and whom not to believe. The only man not allowed to make any comment is the one man who has devoted his lifetime to the study of the law, the one man who has taken an oath to be impartial, and the one man who by professional habit has achieved freedom from external pressures. Were the judge to say anything to the jury about whom to be-

lieve and whom not to believe, he would commit reversible error. Once we take on the celebrated cause we go down the rabbit-hole into Wonderland, a realm of fantastic futility.

What has been done about it? Back in 1918, in the *Toledo Newspaper* case, the Supreme Court did something about the problem. That case involved nothing as violent as what we have just been discussing. The contest there had to do with a street car fare. There was a difference of opinion in the community as to whether the street car company should or should not get an increase in fare, and the City passed an ordinance providing for the lower fare on a more or less temporary basis. An injunction to prevent enforcement of the ordinance was applied for. One of the newspapers expressed the view in its columns that if the judge granted the injunction there would be some question about his integrity and probity, and surely about his intelligence. It also intimated that the public might refuse to comply with the injunction in terms which the judge considered an open invitation to resist the court's decision. The court found the editor guilty of contempt, and the decision was sustained by the Supreme Court. But in 1941, in *Nye v. U. S.*, the Supreme Court repudiated the doctrine of the *Toledo Newspaper* case.

Since then there have been several

decisions by the Supreme Court on the subject, but so far no publisher, no radio broadcaster, no writer, no one who sells information or opinions wholesale, has gone to jail or paid a fine. Not that the Supreme Court has said that they may not be punished in an appropriate case. The Court left a small area in which it said the contempt power still exists for protection of the judicial process. But the area of judicial freedom of action is becoming narrower and narrower, with the result that the liberties taken with due process are becoming greater and greater. Just when a court may act to defend the administration of justice is unclear. I suppose the Supreme Court would be more prone to sanction defensive action in a jury case than in a non-jury case, and probably would be more sympathetic to a contempt citation in a criminal than in a civil case. But that is only a guess on my part.

If you or I wrote upon a little memorandum, "I think witness X is a liar and you should not believe a word he says," and if you or I handed that memorandum on the courthouse steps to a juror, we may be sure that whoever was trying that case would send the bailiff to fetch us forthwith before the court where we would be dealt with summarily. Why should it make a difference that I have a big machine which multiplies that memorandum

into a million copies and that I have a newsboy deliver it to the jury for me? I don't know, but apparently it does make a difference. You might say, as the Court said in the *Nye* case, that the federal contempt statute is limited to offenses committed "near" the courthouse, the Supreme Court holding that "near" means "geographically near." But in some of the state cases that reached the Supreme Court no such statute was involved, yet the Court reached the same conclusion on constitutional grounds.

We shall not find a remedy for the situation in contempt proceedings. In the clash of the constitutional principles of freedom of the press and due process, the point of the contempt weapon has been blunted. The Supreme Court is loath to permit action that appears as though it is censorious. Mr. Justice Black, in *Bridges v. California*, stated:

Since they punish utterances made during the pendency of a case, the judgments below therefore produce their restrictive results at the precise time when public interest in the matters discussed would naturally be at their height. . . .

This unfocussed threat is to be sure, limited in time, terminating as it does upon final disposition of the case. But this does not change its censorial quality. An endless series of *moratoria* on public discussion, even if each were

very short, could hardly be dismissed as an insignificant abridgment of freedom of expression.

Yet it is clear that the Supreme Court has not gone as far in granting immunity to the press as the Constitution has conferred on members of Congress. To preserve freedom of legislative debate, the Constitution has expressly granted to a Congressman the right to speak without the necessity of accounting to anyone but his constituents at election time. That freedom has top priority. If private injury be sustained in the process, it is the cost of that freedom of legislative discussion so necessary for the enactment of wise legislation and the defeat of measures not promotive of the public welfare. There is no such priority asserted in the Constitution as between freedom of the press and due process. They have equal priority, and having equal priority, they come into collision under the circumstances I have indicated.

IV

Certain correctives suggest themselves, but on examination are found to be unrealistic. Change of venue was all right in the days of the horse and buggy, but today, in a celebrated case, the newspapers and radio blanket the country and most communities are deluged with information and opinion about the case.

Some of my colleagues caution the jurors not to read the papers or listen to the radio during the trial. Not only does the warning usually come a little late, but if you are dealing with a celebrated cause in which juror John Doe sees his name in the newspapers for the first time in his life, it is probably futile. To prevent that man from reading the papers will result in his death from frustration. You might just as well ask Katherine Hepburn not to read her press notices following an opening night. It just cannot be done.

You can lock up the jury during the trial. But I doubt whether my colleagues believe they would have obtained juries in certain protracted cases if they had informed the members of the panels that they would be held incommunicado for a period of months.

Nevertheless, I do not think the members of the bench and bar have done all we might have done. This hypothetical columnist, Sokolborn, is after all not a bad fellow. He has no desire, really, to subvert the judicial process. That is not his intention. He is a good citizen, and if you told him he was undoing due process, he would be alarmed, shocked and resentful. On the basis of conversations I have had with practitioners of the pen, I believe many of them do not really know to what it is that lawyers and

judges take exception. They think we object to their manner, to their choice of language, to sensationalism. Their eyes open wide when they find that, so far as the judicial process is concerned, they can be as sensational as they like.

It is when their writings impinge upon the judicial process in the fashion I have described that judges and lawyers stand up in arms. I don't think we have made that clear to the press. Our small efforts to do so have not amounted to much. And I think a great deal could be accomplished if we stated, in simple language, the objectives we have in mind and the restraints we expect the press to observe. They would then discover that there was really no undue interference either with artistic expression or the commercial instincts of the paper's treasurer. A formulation of standards would go a long way to clarify the problem and evoke efforts for its solution.

My other suggestions are two-fold. Since the area of judicial action is circumscribed in the extreme, and since we are unlikely to get remedial legislation because of constitutional limitations, I think we must resort to the voluntary remedy. A permanent body composed of members of the bench, bar and press should be organized to bring together the viewpoints of all concerned. I am confident

that common ground would be found upon which all could stand, preserving to each the essentials for decent and orderly functioning. After all, the press and the courts are mutually interdependent. The press must have an uncoerced judiciary to maintain freedom of the press; and the judiciary requires an uncensored press to maintain an uncoerced judiciary. Only ignorance of each other's problems can keep such natural partners in conflict. With enlightenment may come resolution of the clash, or at least mitigation of its evils.

Next, I would, as part of this coöperative endeavor, like to see a watchdog committee of the bar established, composed of district attorneys and general practitioners. Once a celebrated case came to the fore, that committee would be alerted to see that the press did not interfere unduly with the judicial function. With the establishment of an amicable relationship and a channel of communication between the press and the judicial system, with an understanding of the standards to be observed, you would, I believe, get a great deal of coöperative response from publishers who were simply told that the committee believed their columns were running afoul of those standards. Most of our newspapers are published by very well behaved persons who, if they trespass on our do-

main, do so unintentionally and not maliciously. And if an independent committee of the organized bar, having no personal stake in the case, were to call on Mr. Sokolborn and were to tell him that his column of the preceding evening was close to the line and that it was creating a danger to due process and was violating an established standard, we would I think, if we did not achieve Utopia, nevertheless accomplish considerable results. If ever the time came that a publisher was to be punished for contempt, the fact of a warning by such a committee would weigh considerably in determining whether he was guilty, and if so, whether he should be punished, and if punished whether the decision should be sustained on review.

WIND

BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

Push open the kitchen door;
join the cook's cries.
Run out when she swears and rubs
her wood-struck thighs.

Let willowy fingers tap
loosening glass.
Dethrone the oak table's king
who is made of brass.

Lift latches like some mad love;
bandit and boaster,
enter and breathe beside
the maid's four-poster.

Push open the proud front door.
Rattle the rafter.
Lift quickly the ladies' skirts,
and run with laughter.

SENATOR PAUL H. DOUGLAS

BY MORTIMER SMITH

MANY a law-abiding citizen, looking upon the Senate of the United States, must feel that there is something in anarchism after all, for it is difficult to believe that wise and just laws can come from a body which includes political hacks, tub-thumping orators, racial bigots, clowns, and even crooners. Fortunately for the country, the complexion of any given upper house of the Congress is tempered by the presence in it of men of ability, personal dignity, integrity, and a sense of statesmanship. There seems to be an almost unanimous feeling among veteran Washington observers that Paul Howard Douglas, now serving his second year as the Democratic junior Senator from Illinois, belongs in this category.

In his brief career in the capital, Douglas has aroused interest on a national scale by being all the things a Senator should be and rarely is: he has intelligence, and ideas which he can express fluently and persuasively; he has an amazing capacity for work,

is surprisingly free of narrow partisanship — and in a body where most of the humor is of the unconscious variety, he has a gentle, if perhaps somewhat professorial, wit. A good Democrat who lines up loyally behind the Fair Deal program of increased social services and benefits, civil rights, and opposition to the Taft-Hartley law, he is nonetheless enough of an individualist to be a member of the economy bloc; and in other ways he is quietly building up a reputation as a man whose independent judgment is too strong to be held in check by party lines.

In a body composed traditionally of lawyers and conservative businessmen, his background is an unusual one. A teacher of economics by profession, he has been a lifelong crusader for liberal causes who has always been somewhat superior about political parties, including his own Democratic party, to which he is a fairly recent convert. Another anomalism is that he is a Quaker who enlisted at the age

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of 50 in the Marines, with whom he served on Peleliu and Okinawa, receiving severe wounds in battle and a citation for bravery. Even in appearance he is not the standard model for statesmen. A tall, heavy, and powerful man with a shock of thick gray hair, he looks — except for his steel-rimmed spectacles — like a rugged backwood man who wandered into the Senatorial chambers by mistake. Wearing nondescript and usually rumpled suits, he moves with none of the pomposity of the elder statesman but with a sort of gangling awkwardness.

Almost the first thing he did when he got to Washington, on fire with zeal “to be a damn good Senator,” was to suggest publicly that he and his colleagues could get to their labors more readily if somebody could “get these cocktail-hour hostesses off our necks.” (He claims he is now limiting himself to four parties a year.) This remark was a breach of Washington social mores which aroused the usual small tempest, but since then he has violated even more sacred political mores. Among the group of Administration supporters on whom majority leader Scott Lucas (his colleague from Illinois) tries to hold a tight rein, Douglas has built up, without ostentation or apparently any desire to be an intransigent, a reputation for gentle but firm resistance to undeviating political regularity.

A dramatic example of this independence — and of his growing prestige — was his leadership, in March, of the opposition to the Administration-supported Kerr-Thomas amendment to the Natural Gas Act. Convinced that the measure was unwise, Douglas led a vigorous fight against it on the floor of the Senate, so impressing his colleagues that it was finally passed with the slim margin of only six votes.

Usually Douglas finds it easy and natural enough to follow the Fair Deal program, for he has always been rather obvious in his liberalism; but he has too much flexibility of mind and Yankee realism to be doctrinaire about it. Having served his political apprenticeship in a tough school, the Chicago city council, he knows that doctrine must sometimes be adjusted to what is practicable at the moment. But he is also apt to swerve from the current Democratic party line on genuine ideological grounds; for instance, he takes the position — a lonely one for a liberal Democrat — that deficit spending is not an unmixed blessing and that a budget ought to be balanced. (Other liberals think these are good ideas, too — for the future.) Says he: “The budget issue is simply one of arithmetic and logic” — two disciplines which often seem lacking in the educational background of liberals and politicians.

Not long after he came to Washington he shocked the sensibilities of the solons of both parties by appearing in the Senate with a large magnifying glass, explaining that not even with the aid of the glass could he find some of the places on the atlas where projects under the Rivers and Harbors bill were located. He proposed a 40 per cent cut in appropriations and said he was willing to have his own state of Illinois take its share in the cut. This was brash talk for a freshman Senator and sheer heresy to all his colleagues, for the Rivers and Harbors bill is a hallowed spending device which keeps the home folks happy and builds up Senatorial followers. Almost as heretical were his suggestions that the administration was underestimating the amount of the budget (a prediction now amply confirmed) and that efforts should be made to effect a 6 per cent over-all cut before calling for new taxes.

"Is there not at least this amount of fat and excess in the government as a whole?" he asked in his patient, reasonable and schoolteacherish manner. "What we know as men, we cannot pretend ignorance of as Senators."

He has also dropped hints from time to time that the earth wouldn't stand still if a considerable number of government employees were retired to private life. And he has bucked the Administration on the Ewing medical

plan, which he disapproves "because it goes too far"; he advocates instead a government insurance plan which would apply only to what he calls "catastrophic sickness."

That he is not afraid to take an unfashionable position was further demonstrated in his early months as a Senator in the debates over housing legislation. When Bill S.1070 was introduced, calling for federal aid in the construction of houses for over 800,000 families in slum areas, Senator John W. Bricker, no friend of housing, tried to kill the bill by adding an amendment calling for non-segregation in the housing units — he knew that all the Southern Senators would vote against the bill. In this situation Senator Douglas, a leader in the fight against the Dixiecrats' filibuster over civil rights, did not hesitate to take the floor against the non-segregation clause; he took the reasonable stand that it was better to get the housing and let local communities decide the segregation issue than to include the clause and get nothing.

Douglas' logic was impeccable, but non-segregation has become such a shibboleth among liberals that they hardly knew how to regard his argument. Most of them had to admit reluctantly that he was right. But when he remarked in the debate that "we may deplore their feelings, [those of the Southern Senators] as I per-

sonally do, but let us judge not, lest we ourselves be judged" — when he expressed this simple Quakerism, one liberal paper warned him that the sentiment was "obsolescent in 1949."

It should not be supposed that because he sometimes straggles out of line Douglas is opposed to the direction in which the majority of his party is marching. He believed in the "welfare state" long before that derisive phrase was thought of and he still believes in it; not in any opportunistic sense, either, but from genuine intellectual conviction. Whatever one may think of the soundness of the proposition, he long ago came to the conclusion that the propertied classes are all too capable of looking after themselves, but the welfare of lesser groups must be dependent on government intervention. A deeply religious man, he has always given an affirmative answer to the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Where he differs from many of his fellow-economists is on how the keeping is to be paid for. He advocates no fiscal legerdemain; he believes that if government is run efficiently and economically, all necessary services can be paid for out of ordinary revenue.

II

Douglas was born 58 years ago in Salem, Mass., but grew up in the State of Maine. His speech still reflects the

accent, and sometimes the flavor, of downeast; possibly this background also has something to do with his concern over where the money goes. His youth was spent in the Maine tradition of respectable poverty; he worked at odd jobs after school hours and during the summer vacations, earning most of the money to get through Bowdoin College. When he graduated in 1913, he emerged with both a Phi Beta Kappa key and some reputation as an athlete. After graduate work at Columbia and Harvard he taught economics in various Western institutions, finally coming to the University of Chicago in 1920, where for many years he was professor of industrial relations. Those who knew him in his early teaching days remember him as thin, sad-eyed and about as jolly as an undertaker; but as he put on weight his personality blossomed so that his later students recall a self-assured, friendly man who was often full of high spirits and a sort of sanitary humor.

Douglas would probably agree that one of the most important factors in the shaping of his social philosophy is his membership in the Society of Friends. From the Friends, with whom he affiliated when he was in his twenties, he took not only the commandment "that ye love one another," but learned about the efficacy of good works — that combination

of practicality and spirituality which has always marked the Quaker faith. He became, and remains today, a man remarkably free of personal animosities whose generosity in debate constantly surprises his colleagues of the more orthodox, bite-and-scratch school of political warfare. From the point of view of the public, the important thing about his conversion to Quakerism is not the effect it had on his private spiritual nature but the pre-occupation with good works, which finally drove him into politics.

In academic circles Douglas soon achieved some renown as an economist by writing scholarly tomes on wages, unemployment, and industrial problems. He became the leading advocate in this country of the Family Wage system, whereby wages would be calculated on a family rather than an individual basis. But he could not be content with the scientific approach to economic problems; his emotions were involved, too, so that he must not only show what conditions are but also what to do about them. Inevitably he became a propagandist and a politician.

During the 1920's and the early thirties Douglas' agitation for social change took on a decided anti-capitalist tinge. Like so many other liberals of the period, he voted for Norman Thomas at least once without becoming officially a Socialist. He

edited for a while a magazine called *The World Tomorrow*, a title symbolizing the vague but determined longing for betterment among the various reformers, socialists, pacifists, and cultists who wrote for it. After visiting Soviet Russia in 1927, a country many intellectuals then considered a highly hopeful experiment in social planning, he came home impressed by what he considered a spiritual unity among the people; he was rather optimistic about that country's future, although a little worried about the obvious lack of political freedom.

In the 1930's, again following the conventional liberal pattern, he became convinced that fascism was the one great evil which must be fought — though he admits now that in his zeal he unsuspectingly lent his name to various groups and causes which seemed to be fighting that evil but may have had secret communist backing. Today he has completed the liberal's progress and has come to rest in an implacable opposition to communism and a desire to see the Soviet Union contained — for which he is called the usual unpleasant names by extreme leftwingers. Now he is all for competition and free enterprise, although he thinks these are possible only if monopoly is curbed by the steadying hand of government. He is an advocate of the middle way, one who believes salvation lies in finding

workable compromises between free enterprise and socialism. He does not seem concerned by the fact that as government has the coercive power it may be free enterprise, and not government, which will make all the compromises. He has none of the nineteenth-century liberal's mistrust of power *per se*; apparently he feels that power will be used only beneficially in a democracy.

Douglas first came to the attention of the general public when he investigated the devious financial empire of Samuel Insull, while that gentleman was still considered a pillar of Chicago respectability. In the 1930's Douglas had served on various commissions as an advisor on unemployment and social security matters. In 1939, while still a professor at the University of Chicago, he was suddenly precipitated into the rough-and-tumble of city politics by being nominated on an independent ticket for alderman from the Fifth Ward. He received the support of Democratic Mayor Ed Kelly, a circumstance somewhat surprising to a man who had once declared in print that he saw "no logical place in American life for the Democratic Party." Kelly undoubtedly sensed that a liberal like Douglas would attract the support of labor and Negroes to the Democratic machine, but he also had a more personal interest in Douglas — like many

men of little education, he was inordinately impressed by anyone who was both learned and articulate. Douglas was elected, but he was in a hopeless minority on the city council. Still, once having tasted the excitement of political office, he could no longer be entirely satisfied with the calm of the classroom. In 1942 he made a strong bid for the Democratic Senatorial nomination. Although he was unsuccessful, some politicians took mental note for the future of this large, pleasant man who had such obvious audience appeal.

After this defeat came his dramatic service with the Marines. Through the influence of his friend, Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, he was able to carry out his resolve to enlist as a private. The rigorous training at Parris Island was hardly designed for college professors of advanced middle age, but he managed to survive it. He came out of the war with a Bronze Star and the rank of major — and with a paralyzed left arm and hand, a memento of a machine-gun skirmish on an Okinawa hillside. Anxious to get back into politics, he won the support of Colonel Jake Arvey, chairman of the Cook County Democratic Committee, who, having elected Martin H. Kennelly as a reform Mayor in 1946, was convinced that what the ailing Democratic machine in Illinois needed was more of the same. Adlai

Stevenson, a veteran New Dealer, was put up for Governor and Douglas was given what seemed to many the hopeless task of retiring the ineffable Senator "Curly" Brooks, isolationist protégé of the *Chicago Tribune*. The situation was complicated by the presence of a Wallace-Progressive candidate, who presumably would draw off the ultra-liberal votes.

With optimism, energy, and a newfound delight in crowds and in his own undoubted histrionic abilities, Douglas waged what a national magazine called at the time "a futile one-man campaign in his station-wagon jeep." Looking dishevelled, folksy and decidedly unprofessorial, he crisscrossed the state, making a thousand speeches, which ranged from formal appearances in public halls to chatty talks to bystanders in rural grocery stores. His opponent refused to debate with "an irresponsible person," so Douglas borrowed an old trick from Al Smith and addressed an empty chair as "Senator Brooks," sometimes enacting a little drama in which he played both himself and Brooks. Everyone but Douglas was surprised when he won the election by a plurality of over 400,000.

III

Douglas enjoys, for a freshman Senator, a rather remarkable prestige. Many old Washington hands claim

they cannot remember when a newcomer to the Senate has succeeded in making such an immediate place for himself. He is liked and respected by his colleagues; he has received a widespread and favorable press, except, of course, from the *Chicago Tribune*; and from the number and nature of the platform and radio engagements he fills it would seem he is rapidly becoming the philosophical spokesman of the liberal-Fair Deal position, as Senator Taft has become the spokesman for the conservatives. He is no lofty oracle, however, remote from petty politics, for he is indefatigable in attending to the minutiae of political fence-mending, in seeing that petitioning and complaining constituents are made happy.

Some observers trace his extraordinarily quick success to the influence of his wife, Emily, daughter of the sculptor, Lorado Taft — and Douglas himself is not beyond fostering the legend. Mrs. Douglas is no novice to politics, having once served as Representative-at-large from Illinois; and undoubtedly her charm, social and political acuteness, and ambition, are assets to her husband. But she is hardly a puppet master. Watching Douglas on the floor of the Senate, in committee hearings, making speeches or asking questions in his knowledgeable, patient, and courteous way, one realizes that he carries his own public

relations department around with him.

Such a man, of course, invites prophecy as to his political future, meaning the Presidency. It looks now as if Harry Truman had settled that question for all Democrats as far as 1952 goes; if so, Douglas could not get a crack at the Presidency until 1956, at which time he would be 64, not necessarily too advanced an age. Whichever year, 1952 or 1956, Douglas would find the field pretty crowded with ambitious younger Democrats, including some who possess the undoubted urge for power, such as Chester Bowles or the brash Hubert Humphrey. Perhaps Douglas is too independent ever to win united party support. Although he is adept in the art of conciliation, the conservative remnant in the Democratic party knows that its conception of government and his are finally irreconcilable. On the other hand, the CIO-ADA wing of the party, as it becomes increasingly rigid in its

philosophy and program, seems inclined to consider a free-wheeling liberal like Douglas as a deviationist playing fast and loose with fundamentalist doctrine. When the Senator remarks that "to be a liberal one doesn't have to be a wastrel," these more unyielding Fair Dealers profess to hear in the sentiment a faint echo of Bob Taft.

The public at large, less concerned with making an inflexible division of the sheep and the goats, or with weighing Presidential possibilities, may simply enjoy the healthy novelty of observing a man like Douglas in the United States Senate. After all, it is something of a distinction in that body to be neither party hack nor party rebel, to possess a scholarly knowledge of economics and government, and above all, to be able to consider large issues not invariably from the point of view of political expediency, but in a spirit of objectivity and moderation.



THE BEST

A STORY

BY EMILIE GLEN

THE cold tingled like her good spirits tattooing this bright day into her skin for keeps. She loosened the drawstring of her carry-all for a quick look inside. The best was in there — the best there is.

Best didn't mean Ma's kind no more, not twenty-five cents worth o' the best. Ma used to send her down to Paddy's saloon fer it. That was goin' on fifty years ago when she was ten or eleven. They was livin' in Hell's Kitchen over on Forty-sixth street and Tenth avenue so near the docks she could feel the whistles of them big liners right in her chest bones.

Pa worked on the docks when he wasn't took with the weakness. Her Ma had it, too, only more elegant. Pa and Timmy could be scrappin' in the hall, baby Rose fixin' to cry, her big sister, Mildred, tryin' to do every-thing at once, but Ma'd be in the parlor lyin' on the horse-hair sofa like one of them ladies o' leisure, lyin' so's to make the least of a cast in

her eye and the most of a figger fine as the rose-painted globe on the erl lamp behind her, a figger she always said could've taken her out of Hell's Kitchen if she hadn't run into Pop.

Outa her wrapper would come a purse with the raw metal shinin' through the silk. "Twenty-five cents worth o' the best," Ma'd say like she was buyin' Brooklyn Bridge.

Tingles of pride would go through her at the Hennessys takin' nothin' but the best. Their parlor was so full of cherce things that it weren't never used for sleepin'. Ma wouldn't let 'em get near the what-not for so much as a look at the china angels, and dolls' tea set, and blue glass hat; and that piano nobody could play, Ma was always shinin' it 'stead o' their shoes.

When Ma said, "Get goin'," the bottle that was to hold the best would be ready wrapped in its blanket of newspapers and snuggled into the big market basket, but it weren't no fish in there, she'd tell the kids on the block. Just let that fresh Rose Mary

EMILIE GLEN has studied at Syracuse and Columbia Universities, and worked on various New York periodicals. Her stories have appeared in several of the "little" magazines.

Macmenamin dast say she looked like a bundle of old rags with an angleworm for a mouth, she wouldn't bother to pull her hair out by no roots, she'd sail right on past with her basket, headin' for Paddy's family entrance where you rung the bell by the wooden window, and it lifted to the bartender's face like a jack-in-the box stuck sideways.

"Twenty-five cents worth of the best," she'd say. Nothin' but the best for the Hennessys, and she, Ann Hennessy, was going to have the best of everything when she grewed up, a lot more of the best than Ma ever had. She wasn't goin' to live in no dark rear house off Tenth Avenue, with the sink in the outside hall.

Washdays in that house everybody kept runnin' back and forth with buckets to fill the berlers on their wood burning stoves. Mrs. Healy up on the top floor would scream, "Water — water — send up the water," and Mrs. Shaughnessy would turn on her faucet all the harder to cut her to a trickle. With everybody seein' how everybody else's work was comin', takin' time out for the whiskey they called "a little sup," the wash hung over till Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday — weren't never done.

All week they'd stand with big sticks, stirrin' the wash, plugin' their hands into the water, takin' 'em out red and steaming. Her hands

weren't never goin' to look like theirs, she could promise you that, not her pretty, pale hands with the little veins like flower stems.

Ma's *best* used up so many quarters that she'd as leave give you a smack as a dime even if ya needed it for somethin' special like a medal ribbon. Other kids at school was always winnin' medals, but this was about her first, not for no good marks, just for the paper angels she made to help decorate the schoolroom for Easter. You wore the medal on a ribbon round your neck till your week was up when you gave it back to the Sisters with a new ribbon for whoever won it next.

Now if she was to ask for only fifteen cents worth of the best next time Ma sent her out with a quarter — oh no, she dasn't. Ma could easy tell, she'd beat her raw for the difference between fifteen and twenty-five cents worth. Supposin' she was to add a smidgin of water. No — no, Ma knew her best. And suppose she did wise up. She was always knockin' her around for nothin', why not for somethin'?

II

A couple of days before she was to give back the medal with a new ribbon, she started out with the wrapped bottle in its big market basket, a quarter held so tight it was a wonder

it didn't work right into her palm. She knew she had the smile on her face that Ma wanted to beat out of her. "What ya always lookin' fer?" she'd say. "What ya expectin' outa life?"

April damp could eat in but you wouldn't catch her hidin' her middy blouse under no outgrown coat — her big sister's middy with a red eagle on the sleeve. Her hair was nice and yella fallin' down about her white collar, the medal ribbon yella, too, pullin' at her hair, but nothin' like Ma would be pullin' it if she ever got wise.

"Fifteen cents worth," she told the bartender, "that's all Ma wants today — fifteen cents worth, and don't forgit change of a quarter."

Before anything could happen to her dime, she went straight to Jacoby's store. Such ribbons — she set her basket down by the counter and just looked — reels and reels of 'em, some wound tight, some open and ready to stream out to you in rivers of silk and satin. The counter was a garden o' ribbons. She wouldn't mind a bedroom without windas so much if she had all them ribbons fer light.

Yella like the watery sunlight on a row-boat up in Central Park, that was the one she wanted. No, the blue, all ripply like water at the docks just before she held her nose and jumped. She ran the tip of her nail along the

grosgrain; stretched out a finger to a velvet redder than the rose on the lamp globe in the parlor; touched a satin that Ma's fingers would rough up.

That green so far down on the shelf she had to lean over the counter for a good look. That was it — that was her ribbon. She'd never set eyes on a green like that not even in little new leaves up at the park. It was like no green that ever grew. Nothin' in Mac's market was green like that, not the lightest green lettuce, not even one of them fancy honeydews. It was yummy soft like green ice at a weddin', not that even. There was no green like it nowheres — the green o' this ribbon.

"How much ya want fer it? Ten cents a yard?" she asked a clerk.

"Eighteen."

"Gimme ten cents worth."

"No odd lengths. We sell only yards and half yards."

"Well, would a half yard be long enough for a medal ribbon?"

"No, I'd say not."

"Mebbe a kid's neck?"

She lifted up her hair while the clerk tried the ribbon. His scissors snipped on the generous side of a half yard. The ribbon was hers.

Anything Ma could do to her, even if she was to put Pa up to beltin' her, it was worth it for this ribbon.

Pourin' water into that innocent

whiskey was like puttin' water in somebody's veins — killin' 'em. In the basement sink down the block it took a lot of trickles to fill it up. Ma was in the parlor where she always had to receive the best, her apron off like the bottle was a visitor.

"What ya standin' back there fer?" Ma asked. "What ya scared of? I ain't gonna smack ya fer takin' all day."

Ma took the first swallow without suspicioning; then she begun to taste her lips. "That ain' none o' the best," she said. "I'm goin' straight to Paddy's, and pour it down his throat."

"No — no — don't do that, Ma."

"And why not? Who're you to tell me what I won't do?"

"Well, you see, I — well, I needed a dime for a medal ribbon so bad that I just got fifteen cents worth and so's you'd have enough I added a smidgin of water —" She turned her head from the wallops that was sure to come, but then she had to peek out from her hair to see why they didn't.

"Let me see it," Ma said in a voice froze stiff as the water pipes in winter. "Let me see the ribbon."

Any minute Ma'd be knockin' her around, but still she couldn't help bein' a mite proud, holdin' out the ribbon — just what sunlight would be if it was green.

"So that's what it took for ya to sperl my best bit o' liquor — that cheap bit o' ribbon."

"Not cheap ribbon, Ma — the best."

"The best — I'll show ya yer cheap best."

Ma begun pickin' at the ribbon — with her broken nails. "No, Ma — no —" Threads was all bustin' loose, leavin' a row stickin' up like a lot of grinning teeth.

"Ain't no best around here," Ma screamed at her. "You ain't gonna get no best in life no more'n I did — not as much. That hair'll never get ya no place; it's dirty egg yella. A pair of bright blue eyes won't do nothin' fer ya neither, not without a figger. You're wearin' yer bones on the outside of yer skin, and no brains showin'. No, you're not goin' no place, you and yer cheap ribbon."

III

Right then if she could've looked ahead and seen what was gonna happen to Ma, right then while her ribbon was nothin' but a bunch of cheap threads in Ma's hand, if she could just've looked ahead. Whenever she looked back, the two days was like one day, Ma tearin' her ribbon to nothin', and reachin' for a frozen clothesline, fallin' outa the window, all twisted when she hit — dead before anybody got to her. She'd never die like that down here — die like Ma with nothin' o' the best.

The ways outa Hell's Kitchen wasn't many, just like Ma said. Roller

skatin' up at Dreamland she met fel-las enough, but they wasn't goin' no place. A couple girl friends was askin' fer the skid way out. "Who wants ta go straight when it's Tenth Avenue?" Lola kept sayin', only she went fer a whiz of a skater who never got no further'n Hoboken. As for her own self, she couldn't of faced Sister Mary Frances without she done things regular. Besides, she weren't never asked.

The Sisters kept tellin' her she'd get places by studyin' hard, but she couldn't never sit still long enough. Maybe it was on account of always bein' ready to scram out if Pa come home fightin' drunk. And who wanted to pucker over a stingy little page when you could swing a bat in a vacant lot, skin off to the docks, or look in all them fancy windas across town? If sh- hadn't come near dyin' of typhus, her 'stead of her sister Agnes could've had a year in a convent the time Pa was doin' good.

The job she could get wasn't much. What she wanted was to be a buyer in a big department store, gettin' paid fer buyin' the best of everything. She got a start in Altman's sewin' room. Maybe she wouldn't of been canned fer botchin' the job if she'd done like she should in Sister Ursala's sewin' class. The ward Captain got her a few jobs that didn't amount to nothin', mostly in rush times like sortin' Christmas mail. Then she met Frank

at one of them political shindigs. She thought he was goin' places when she married him. Nobody could've tried harder to make somethin' of hisself, runnin' an elevator nights, studyin' days. The doctor said all that work, half starvin' hisself, gettin' no sleep, made him take sick of TB.

All the while she worked her hands to blisters cleanin' at the YW so close by she could run back and forth lookin' after Frank, she kept seein' her green ribbon ripped to shreds — seein' it in a lousy bit of wash on the line, filthy scraps of paper blowin' down the street — all the cleanin' rags in her hands, the tattered handkerchiefs Frank'd cough into, coughin' his life away.

Frank's passing should've meant more to her than an end to heavy cleanin'. Maybe it did, she was too tired to know. Sister Mary Margaret helped her with the ad that was to change things for her. "Woman, light cleaning," Sister Mary Margaret wanted to write. "No, Sister, not just woman — I want to try fer a fine neighborhood. Couldn't ya say, 'Lady — refined — desires light housework, full or part time?'"

Part-time was about all anybody wanted, maybe on account of always bein' in such a hurry to please that she kept breakin' things. Anyway she was good on the touches — settin'

a doll on a pillor real cute, arrangin' things just so, changin' the furniture better, only most everybody was set in their ways just like her sister Agnes. She couldn't keep from fixin' things either even if her ideas weren't of the best, like the time she was too free with the erl can and damaged Mrs. Egger's Oriental. Her paint always crackled, her stains and varnishes never took, her clamps wouldn't never hold.

All them women wanted of her was cleanin' — no use trying to keep her nails long and the polish they give her from peelin' — ya just couldn't clean and keep lookin' your best to yer fingertips. Her eyes bein' what they was, everyone followed her around when she cleaned, yet she couldn't bring herself to hide the bright blue of her eyes behind glasses when her hair was so dingy grey. Her smile kept her young lookin', too. Everybody said it was like she was always expectin' somethin' nice to happen. And maybe she didn't have Ma's figger, but it was still slim as a young girl's. She was always took fer ten years younger than her sister Agnes 'stead of four years older.

Agnes was a widow, too — by desertion — that's what come of hangin' around the docks eyein' them seamen. When Frank passed on, her and Agnes moved in a coupla blocks from where they were born. Agnes oughta been a

lady with them bird bones of hers, and she was always ailin' like one — Lydia E. Pinkham things wrong.

Durin' the war you could begin to feel a mite important with everybody after you, trustin' ya with all kinds of things. Mrs. Leighton, the little G.I. bride who lived in a fine neighborhood just off Washington Square, let her take care of Wendy when the child was a newborn bit o' pinkness, her lips puffed out to a tiny open rose for her bottle.

Much as she wanted to give of her best to Wendy, the bonnets she made for her didn't shape right, the panties wound up with no proper seat, the carriage wheel she fixed fell off. Each new thing she did was going to be the best, but somethin' always went wrong. The best just wasn't in her.

In them fine apartment buildings across town she'd had lots o' luxuries. Mrs. Prentice give her the use of the bathtub sometimes, encouragin' her to bathe in bubbles that made her smell like the best of 'em. Heat steamin' up in the radiators, snowy refrigerators, stoves with pilot lights, all those things were hers most the day.

The clothes everybody give her had the best labels — Bonwit's, Saks, Bergdorf Goodman. Just so she wouldn't feel like charity she'd juggle around what didn't fit good, the Lily Daché hat to Mrs. Leighton only it landed on Wendy's head as a play hat,

the Tailored Woman suit to Mrs. Prentice. Some got huffy when she'd give 'em things, maybe the others didn't like it neither only they was too perlite ta say.

IV

People in them fine buildins' was nice to you without lettin' you be friends. Oh, they did enough, tickets to shows, even a locked-in box at Carnegie once, but never when they was along. You was given all kinds of cherce food without never bein' invited to sit. Christmas gifts was just money tips or somethin' they couldn't use, wrapped up in a hurry. When she gave them gifts she tried to see just what was needed if only a pot holder. And for Sylvia — Mrs. Leighton — she couldn't help thinkin' of her as Sylvia — she give presents a bit beyond her pocketbook like the eight-day clock, and for Wendy all the things she'd never had, a real doll carriage 'stead of a shoe box, dolls with eyes that opened and shut, not a cloth-covered soap strainer.

Whenever she hung around after hours at the Leightons to play with Wendy, help out in any way she could or just chat, she felt Mrs. Leighton almost wished she would clear out. Sylvia — Mrs. Leighton — could've been bewitched by a leprechaun the way she looked past you, through you, never at you till you

never knew how ya stood with her, whether she had any idea you just wanted to be a friend.

This wind went right through you. She should've worn the sealskin Mrs. Prentice give her no matter how ratty it looked. No amount of sweaters under the Bonwit coat could make it warm enough for winter. She patted the folds of her carry-all. No duty gift in there, no money tip. She was thought well enough of to be given one of the six photographs of Sylvia and Wendy — thought more than well of — thought of as it was signed. "To our friend, Ann."

"Oh Mrs. Leighton — Wendy," she'd said, "you're the best."

Woolworth's wasn't good enough for the frame she was goin' to buy when she got paid. She'd go to Wanamaker's, the store that was elegant down on Broadway since she was a kid buyin' one piece of Reagan's best candy 'stead o' the big bag of cough drops he give ya fer a nickel.

If it wasn't for the wind blowin' all that filth down Tenth Avenue, she'd take a look at her darlins' this instant. It was so cold it made yer eyes water. Them clothes down her street would freeze on the line fer sure. Good to step into her own hallway, even dark and smelly like it was. Her stomach give a turn at the thick stink of erl stoves mixed in with stale fry. The air in their own apartment

was nice and fresh with that Airwick what was supposed ta be the green chlorophyll of plants. Agnes had no business callin' it a waste o' good money.

No sooner did she take a coupla spice cakes outa her bag and set 'em on a best plate than Agnes lit into her. "Them expensive cakes again. Why you could've bought a dozen spice cookies for what them two cost."

"Not much I couldn't. Them's French."

"Just the same, will you kindly leave the marketing to me? You've no buyin' sense at all."

Agnes was makin' them little smackins' with her lips like she always did when she thought she was bestin' ya, smackin' away like she was tastin' a sweet. That smack trap o' hers was worse'n Ma's hair pullins'.

"What about the bottle yer always nursin'?" she give it back ta Aggie. "Not just twenty-five cents worth 'o the best — a whole bottle with a fancy label."

"Keep yer verce down, can't you? You're not playin' in the street."

Funny thing, her and Agnes was both a piece o' Ma, both wantin' the best only Agnes never dast try fer it. That's why Aggie couldn't stand the smile on her face no more'n Ma could.

The muscatel Mrs. Eggers give her, she'd set it on the table along with the spice cakes. "Let's have a little

sup," she said to Agnes, a bit proudly.

"Celebratin' what, might I ask?"

"You'll see — you'll see." Real careful-like, she drew out the pitcher of Wendy and her mother, opened out the elegant cover, white like a weddin', and set it on the table full in the afternoon light — the mother lookin' down at Wendy, her head curved like the Blessed Virgin, and Wendy reachin' out to her Mama Ann.

"Read it — read what it says — 'To our friend, Ann' — they think of me as a real friend."

"Dontcha know that's just an autographin' custom? Any beauty parlor or barber shop's got pitchers autographed, 'To my friend.' Dont mean a thing."

"But them pitchers cost so much she only ordered six of 'em, and give one to me."

"Knowin' you, I'm sure you done plenty o' hintin' — probably come right out and asked. Why Mrs. Leighton won't even let Wendy come up here — thinks she'll get sperled food, and germs, and pneumonia from a cold water flat."

She was Ma tearin' at the green ribbon, tearin' it to nothin'. All them clotheslines outside the winda, she could wish, she could almost wish. . . .

"And don't go spendin' money on no fancy frame. You and yer best."

THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



CLINICAL NOTES

British Note. Arthur Margetson, an English actor who recently appeared here in a play called *Clutterbuck*, the work of another Englishman, and who was evidently apprehensive of its critical reception, ventilated himself in the public press shortly before it was to open. "There are," he orated, "national characteristics of American criticism which I have completely come to understand. Why is it, for instance, that reviewers in New York are so extremely critical of farce and terrified to death to be caught laughing out loud at anything on the stage, although the customers may be rolling in the aisles, while at the same time these reviewers will give notices that approximate raves to the most monstrous dramatic follies if only they are set to dubious music. Music, no matter how bad, seems to have a capacity for taking the curse off any script in the eyes of reviewers."

Like some other Englishmen who come over here for a spell and constitute themselves critics of us and our ways, Margetson is a poor observer and an even poorer reporter. If reviewers in New York are extremely critical of farce, as he says, and are terrified to death to be caught laughing out loud at anything on the stage while the audience is rolling in the aisles, how can he account for the favorable reviews, which followed their audible belly-laughs, accorded to such farces over the many years as *Arsenic and Old Lace*, *You Can't Take It with You*, *Once in a Lifetime*, *The Tavern*, *Officer 666*, *Chicago*, *Strictly Dishonorable*, *Reunion in Vienna*, *Boy Meets Girl*, *Room Service*, *Three Men on a Horse*, *What a Life!*, *My Sister Eileen*, *The Doughgirls*, and *Harvey*? Or *Brother Rat*, *Sailor, Beware!*, *Blithe Spirit*, *Three's a Family*, and so many others?

As to the same reviewers' inclination to "give notices that approxi-

mate raves to the most monstrous dramatic follies if only they are set to dubious music," it is to be suggested that Margetson acquaint himself with the notices of musical exhibits, fully three-fourths of which, he will learn, denounce the books as worthless. "Music, no matter how bad," he concludes, "seems to have a capacity for taking the curse off any script in the eyes of the reviewers." The reply to which is: bosh. Even when the reviewers regard the music as good, it nevertheless frequently fails to take their curse off the script. Lest Mr. Margetson remain in doubt, I refer him, for just a few examples, to *Music in My Heart*, *Allegro*, *Magdalena*, *Polonaise*, *Yours Is My Heart*, *Gypsy Lady*, *Sweethearts*, and *Rhapsody*. Since the major portion of *Clutterbuck* is farce, the oracular Margetson must also be somewhat embarrassed to have discovered that many of the reviewers rejoiced in it.

* * *

Bemelmans Note. Judging from a statement made to the press by Ludwig Bemelmans on the eve of the production of the play, *Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep*, which was fashioned from his novel of the same title, his experience of the theatre must be very limited. "The thing that fascinates me about my book's being made into a play," he said, "is that it is loaded with everything that is dia-

metrically in violation of accepted theatre technique. The lover is fifty-two; the leading woman is also fifty-two. There is a coffin on the stage. The governess is in love with death. The play is all about death."

All this, as Mr. Bemelmans appears to believe, is scarcely new to the theatre and to what he believes is a violation of its accepted technique. There have been various successful plays in which the lover has been as old; Leo Ditrichstein, for one, was the star of two of them. *Years of Discretion*, produced successfully by Belasco, presented a loving couple even older. A coffin on the stage is far from a novelty: one has figured in both Saroyan's *A Decent Birth*, a *Happy Funeral* and *Jim Dandy*, also in Breiseth's *As We Forgive Our Debtors*, among other later plays. And what of *Richard III*? The young woman in *Death Takes a Holiday* was similarly in love with death. And so far as the newness of a play being all about death goes, consider along with the last named such as *Outward Bound*, *The Intruder*, *On Borrowed Time*, et al. There are many more examples in each of the categories.

* * *

Tragedy Note. Tragedy, as we well know, can be the loftiest form of drama, but the arbitrary, promiscuous identification of it as being *per se* superior to comedy on the score of its

greater profundity is without sense or reason. Is *The Trojan Women* anywhere near so profound as some of the comedies of Aristophanes? Is *The Cenci* as profound in its way as *The Way of the World* is in its? Are several of O'Neill's tragedies any more profound than several of Shaw's comedies? Let us be rid of ready-made definitions. The great purge quality of *Medea* is the talk of pundits. Is there not as much so-called purge in the laughter of Congreve? Language can of course persuade, and beauty of writing exalt, but is not also such to be found in the finest comedies?

Tradition, however, is tradition, and hard to down. Because the Greeks and Shakespeare have given us tragic masterpieces, tragedy has automatically and with no further inquiry been *ipso facto* accepted as the acme of dramatic art. The form has been confused with the performance. The venerating adjective "serious" has been *miscellaneously pasted on the bottles* without due regard to the worth of their contents. The defeat and downfall of man are more inspiring than his victories and triumphs. Crucifixion without Resurrection has become the strange faith and ideal of drama criticism.

* * *

Sketch Note. Whenever one alludes to the bleakness of the sketches in the local revues, their producers are in

the habit of retorting, "Oh, yes? Well, if you know where we can find any better ones, come out with it."

All right, I'll come out with it. The producers may look hard for better sketches, as they insist, but they do not seem to look in the right places. There are available, for example, a pair of infinitely more amusing Saroyan sketches, one of which, *Once Around the Block*, while it might need some cutting, is one of the funniest I have read in a long time. Sean O'Casey's *The End of the Beginning*, which might also readily be reduced in playing time, is hilarious. The files of the old *The Smart Set* magazine would disclose at least four or five very comical skits, among them the late George M. Cohan's travesty on mystery plays in which all the characters are detectives. Wolcott Gibbs' sketch about the local critics, a jubilant mockery, would serve handsomely; if, like two of those mentioned, it is longer than the standard length, what matter? It seems to me that a good sketch that is theoretically too long is much more desirable than a bad one that is short. There are, furthermore, a half-dozen skits in the Grand Guignol catalogue that are enormously funny and could be translated without the slightest difficulty, even by someone who didn't know French too well.

If the producers are not fetched by

such suggestions and still insist they can not find more satisfactory sketches than those they put on, why not revive one or two of the excellent ones of the past, such as Ring Lardner's howlingly funny *The Tridget of Greva* or *The Bull-Pen*, as comical a baseball skit as was ever written?

* * *

Theatre Guild Note. It is somewhat reassuring to find the Theatre Guild producing a play like William Inge's *Come Back, Little Sheba*. Not only in later years has it done little for new American playwrights but, when and if it has, it has shown no judgment whatsoever in the matter of their manuscripts. The talented novices like Williams, Miller, Harry Brown, *et al.*, it has either overlooked or brushed aside and has sponsored instead meritless aspirants whose efforts audiences have been quick to appraise for exactly what they were. The exploratory intelligence which it had in its earlier days has seemed to have deserted it in its present organization, and it has appeared to rest largely content in safe, commercial offerings, frequently produced in association with outsiders, whether in the shape of revivals, musical shows or tailored vehicles, adapted from foreign sources, for popular box-office stars. There has been, aside from its consistent loyalty to O'Neill and its gamble on Robert McEnroe (*The Silver Whistle*), a mini-

um of its onetime adventurous enterprise and a maximum of mere Broadway showmanship, or what passes for it. The chances it once pridefully took have generally been abandoned in favor of what apparently have struck it as sure things. In the way of drama, for example, it produced in this most recent season, previous to the Inge play, only a mangled and trashy French adaptation serving as a vehicle for the certain money-making Lunts and a Shakespeare revival solely designed to lure the trade by casting the popular moving picture star, Katharine Hepburn, in the leading role. To see it taking a chance on Inge, a newcomer of talent, is accordingly, we may hope, a token of its future conduct.

* * *

Clarification Note. William Archibald says of his play, *The Innocents*, dramatized from Henry James' story, *The Turn of the Screw*, "Since most of James is not implicit in the action but in what goes on in the minds of his characters and since this story in particular is obscure and ambiguous, what occurs had to be clarified for theatre audiences." Though in some cases this might be perfectly true and though his theory seems to have been proved to be practical in this specific case, one still is of the critical opinion that less clarification and more James would have given his

play an added quality and a much greater worth. Ibsen did not find it necessary to clarify the obscure and ambiguous in *The Lady from the Sea*, or in *The Master Builder*, or in *The Wild Duck*. Nor did Strindberg in *The Spook Sonata*. Nor did Hauptmann in *The Sunken Bell* or in *And Pippa Dances*. Nor has Pirandello in several of his plays.

RASPBERRY PICKING

BY EVELYN AMES

That summer we picked raspberries too.
I had forgotten till just now
Your boy looked up, and I saw how
Completely he resembles you:

For a heartbeat you were no longer dead —
You were fourteen and I was ten,
Hearing your voice as it was then —
“Let’s pick the ripest ones,” you said.

I see your bright, unruly hair,
Your fingers that never bruised the fruit;
Once more I wait, irresolute,
Pricked equally by joy and fear

As I stand still at your command:
“Open your mouth and close your eyes,
I’ll give you something to make you wise.”
I smell the raspberries on your hand.

Today I bear my thoughts alone
Stripping the vines beside your son —
We must finish before today is done
Or the birds will come, the fruit be gone.

A PHYSIOTHERAPIST LOOKS AT PHYSIOTHERAPY

BY EMIL ROY POSNER, PH.T.

This is the seventh in the MERCURY series of discussions of various forms of the healing art. There seem to be two points of view about physiotherapy: that entertained by physiotherapists themselves, and that entertained by medical doctors. The first point of view is presented by Mr. Posner, who has practiced physiotherapy in New York for 25 years, and is chairman of the public relations committee of the New York State Society of Physiotherapists. The other point of view is presented by Dr. Max S. Rabinowitz, who is a diplomate of the American Board of Orthopedic Surgery and a fellow of the American College of Surgery. He has practiced in New York for more than two decades.

PHYSIOTHERAPY as we know it today is a complete new science in itself, although it remains the submerged third of the healing arts. The other two-thirds are chemical medicine, which fights disease with drugs, and surgery, a mechanical science which employs the knife. In contradistinction to medicine and surgery, physiotherapy works through vital life disciplines, employed in every age as media of healing. The Greeks had their *thermai*, the Romans, their elaborate bath culture. The man who administered these and other therapies in ancient Greece was called a *therapon*, or "natural servant" — "servant of nature."

Modern physiotherapy employs many means of healing, each of which is a *branch* of the larger science of

physiotherapy. Among them are actinotherapy, hydrotherapy, mechanotherapy, thermotherapy, and electrotherapy. All these specialties aim to assist the natural reparative influences resident in the human body and to effect the restoration of health.

The essence of physiotherapy is not new. It antedates present-day chemical medicine. Many human ills arise because the authority and glamor of present-day medicine have obscured the natural laws constantly operating around and within the human body to help turn back the tide of disease. The snake, for instance, can be counted upon to seek out a warm rock on which to sun itself, or to wind its way into the cool earth, or swim in the water. Such instinctive practices of humans and animals through the ages

represent the intrinsic disciplines of physiotherapy. Animals still seek out such healing influences. Only man has well-nigh lost them, thanks to his "civilization." Fortunately, they are being restored to him as science itself evolves a "new" body of knowledge embracing the biological truths of old.

Physiotherapy is based on these natural laws and their inner harmony. Any scientist willing to examine the discipline with unprejudiced eyes can measure and demonstrate for himself the effectiveness of its methods, even though he subjects them to the most searching tests of his precision instruments. But instead of investigating, the authoritative leaders of medicine usually condemn.

Formerly, their aim was to destroy what their doctrine did not permit them to take over and claim as their own, in the interests of the medical "box office." One historical incident is typical. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, a famous French scientist and scholar, Fabre d'Olivet, healed a deaf mute named Rodolphe Grivel. As a result of his efforts, Grivel gained the faculties of hearing and speech. D'Olivet used essentially the same disciplines which the physiotherapist employs in speech training and muscle re-education (phonation), plus the sounding of bells and other percussion tones, which gains attention when the major difficulty is

auditory inattention, rather than any physical defect. Gradually, the sufferer begins to grunt, then utter vowels and, eventually, consonants. But d'Olivet was prevented from effecting other cures at the time, because he was not a doctor and did not pay tribute to Napoleon. He defended himself, however, before the medical fraternity:

I have no wish to commercialize my talents, nor, above all, to enrich myself by healing deaf mutes. . . . It is true that many very able doctors do not know of this procedure, but that is not my fault. . . . I am not a physician; I have not sought, in making an extraordinary cure, to invite notice, or to give myself what is called a clientele. I do not wish to practice medicine. I do not compose any kind of elixir or opiate that can be sold. I am a man of letters.

Fabre d'Olivet, the man of letters and skill, was a precursor of modern physiotherapy. His problem was identical to that of the present-day physiotherapist. He knew the answers, but he had not paid his tribute to Napoleon.

II

Perhaps the earliest to discover the merits of physiotherapy were those actresses and models who had to keep fit, or meet a calendar deadline in weight and girth. The physiothera-

pist's cosmetic and æsthetic services were, in this respect, comparable to those of the "plastic surgeon." But from the beginning these services were more than decorative or cosmetic, since the healing sciences had become, by 1900, strongly influenced by nihilistic thought, and chronic sufferers and "incurables" were often forced passively to await their inevitable end.

The more spirited sufferers were willing to try new methods, however; and some of them went to Dr. Simon Baruch, the father of Bernard M. Baruch. Dr. Baruch used and demonstrated the therapeutic forces of water; he held the chair of hydrotherapy at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. But medical conservatives and reactionaries were displeased by his activities, and on one occasion a group of "inspired" medical students actually hurled a bag of water at him at one of his lectures, narrowly missing their target as they cried, "Water is good, inside and out!" This "water treatment" became a standard mode of hazing applied to all who attended hydrotherapy classes. Eventually, Columbia dismissed Dr. Baruch in response to pressure, but more than five hundred hydrotherapy students had graduated, and many of them later opened schools in different parts of the United States.

Dr. Baruch's judgment has been long since vindicated. Water is still used internally and externally in all its forms—steam, ice and snow—for hygienic, cosmetic, prophylactic and remedial purposes. Baths, packs, colonics, retention enemas, water installations and water profusions are a few examples. It often helps in constipation, or, in a complex form, to combat muscle-wasting diseases. It provides a detoxicating regimen to activate the skin, relieve the kidneys, dislodge and remove waste and débris from the colon, and it also serves to feed and rehydrate the seriously ill.

While Dr. Baruch was introducing water therapy in New York, Dr. Auguste Rollier was applying the "sun cure" to tuberculosis cases in Leysin, Switzerland, laying the foundations for the new science of actinotherapy. Sunrays, ultra-violet rays, infra-red "heat" rays and yellow light or heat rays (not X-rays) came to be employed curatively. Actually, every housewife utilizes the principles of actinotherapy when she dries her laundry in the sun, which rids her wash of unpleasant odors, mildew and bacterial impurities. The "sunbath" performs a similar function for animals and humans.

Not many people know that each spectrum of sunlight has not only a color range, but a physical heat range, as well as a chemical range, both of

which, when properly used, possess bactericidal properties. The range of the color spectrum extends all the way from pleasant biophysical warmth (yellow, or luminous light) to the cold, ultra-rapid, invisible (black) rays of ultra-violet; and every color of the whole range possesses bacteriostatic and bactericidal properties.

It is not possible in a single article to cite all the benefits of actinotherapy. Tuberculosis, rheumatism, neuritis and unhealthy skin conditions are but a few of the maladies it helps. It is excellent for combating the effects of acute and chronic X-ray burns. Preparatory heating by diathermy or by an infra-red lamp may be the method employed, always with an exact technique, to produce arterial flushing (hyperemia). The physiotherapist next applies local sun exposures to produce a fair amount of sunburn, and dresses the wound with cod liver oil, to provide Vitamin D restitution. As he gradually diminishes these local treatments, he administers to the whole body a tonic course of constitutional ray treatments.

For reducing corpulence, many physicians prescribe diets or endocrines, but it would help to irradiate the flabby, fatty masses by judicious use of ultra-violet with infra-red. Just as a skillful baseball pitcher controls every pitch and curve of his ball, the physiotherapist controls the penetra-

tion of infra-red light into the fatty layers, and so facilitates the rapid consumption of fatty deposits by oxidation.

Mechanotherapy, etymologically, might be supposed to be concerned with the use of machines for healing. It is true that apparatus is employed, but the primary concern of mechanotherapy is with the body dynamics of posture. Its techniques include mechanical exercise and manual manipulation, sometimes with the aid of bracing, in deformities and infirmities. It has proved effective in rehabilitating "dead" parts of the body in fractures and in cases of crippled bones, muscles, tendons and bodily organ structures. It has helped in infantile paralysis, spastic conditions, hemiplegia, accidental paralysis, post-operative weakness, and dropped and displaced organs and tissues. One of its outstanding expositors was John K. Mitchell, M.D., who lectured and wrote on mechanotherapy, or, as it is sometimes called, the orthopedics of physiotherapy — the setting straight of muscles, tendons, bones and organs; it is also called occupational rehabilitation therapy, for body, mind and muscle re-education.

The forerunner of rehabilitation and re-education by exercise and manipulation was Peter Henry Ling, originator of the world-renowned

"Swedish movement cure." But Ling would probably turn over in his grave if he could witness some of the assembly-line massages administered by present-day entrepreneurs. It is possible to regulate massage and manipulation so as to effect reparative processes in surface nerves, blood vessels or inflamed muscles; but much that passes under the name of "massage" today is mere aimless rubbing for a fee.

The application of ice and heat — thermotherapy — represents still another development. The lowly ice bag, hot and cold packs, sitz bath and diathermy fever treatment are among the methods used. Abatement and inducement of fevers offers the method *par excellence* for controlling febrile diseases, and often strikingly benefits pneumonia sufferers. The "fever cure" is nature's own method. It is often the start of a curative process, which the physiotherapist carries to a successful conclusion.

The heat supplied in diathermy acts on basic natural laws that are the repair principles in the human body. They are the same regardless of the mode of inducing an inflammation or a fever. The sting of a bee, a heated rock or stove lid, burial in a dung pile, a hot water bottle, a mustard plaster, hot baths, an infra-red lamp, sunrays and short-wave diathermy are means to the same end. The phenomenon is

"heat artificially typed," suitable to attack a particular disease affecting the organism.

Always the physiotherapist must bear in mind the end results to be accomplished when he applies heat. An intensely fevered state throughout the body requires a cold pack on the abdomen to put out the fire at the lowest possible level. Ordinarily, hot application reach the whole organism; but the physiotherapist heats locally as the situation requires. A fever-beset knee-cap needs ice packs at the knee to dissipate the engorgement and facilitate repair. But at the same time the whole circulation throughout the body is necessarily disturbed; and, knowing this, the physiotherapist applies a wet pack of 100° Fahrenheit to the sole of the foot, where congestion is greatest and the blood vessels need to be dilated. His treatments vary from one part of the body to another, so that he may treat the whole body.

For ordinary purposes, a "cold" pack means one of 60° Fahrenheit; "warm" or "hot," 100°. Within this range, the body's resiliency to heat and cold is most pronounced. Thermotherapy stimulates the reparative process, where interference with these processes has produced a chronic condition. Heat, properly used, is beneficial in treating arthritis and tuberculosis. Just as the physiotherapist uses

water curatively, to duplicate the medicinal effects of drugs, so he uses hot and cold packs to duplicate the action of quinine or aspirin, without producing nosebleeding or ringing in the ears or any other side-effects of medicaments.

Electrotherapy utilizes the dynamic, mechanical or chemical properties of electricity for healing and prophylaxis. Galvani, the Italian physicist who discovered the electric circuit that bears his name, was dubbed the "dancing master of frogs" because he demonstrated the effectiveness of galvanic current by making the legs of dead frogs kick and jump in response to it. He lost his university job, like Dr. Simon Baruch.

Yet this very galvanic circuit is today a life-saver in treating diseases not easily reached by other means. This current can help exercise and reshape paralyzed and infirm limbs, open dormant blood vessels, facilitate circulation, heal ulcers, and alleviate rheumatism and neuritis pains. Business men use it to keep fit or to take off excess avoirdupois without strain on the heart or nerves. When a patient's digestion should not be upset by further medicaments, administration of medicines by electricity is an effective "modality." The physiotherapist may attach the galvanic circuit to a paralyzed arm, producing

a graph which at the opening and closing of the circuit reveals whether motor or sensory nerves are affected.

III

All these new "therapies" have come under the ban of "official" medicine. "Inspired" police raids have taken place all over the United States. Tubs and sweat-boxes were demolished with the hope of discovering medicinal concealments, which were effecting the "actual" cures which brought these new methods to the fore. But no such concealments were found, and the cases had to be dismissed. These raids served one monumental purpose, however; they helped unite the "therapies" in one school.

Perhaps the physiotherapist has flourished, chiefly, because his basic premise does not involve "curing" a disease, but only assisting and encouraging the natural physiological processes. Not one of the agents he employs is used primarily to "cure." The "cure" belongs to the domain of physiology. A few cases may suggest the nature and range of his success.

The family of an arthritic patient, who could only move about by means of a wheelchair, was told that he could not live longer than two years. His deformities and suffering were terrible, and he could not even feed himself. One day he wheeled his chair too violently into the bathroom, and

pitched forward onto the edge of the tub, where he remained hanging, helplessly, for four hours. Later, he tried suicide, but his arthritic fingers prevented him from successfully pulling the trigger. The physiotherapist to whom the desperate family brought this man successfully applied such corrective life disciplines as light, heat, water, motion and posture, and the patient returned to his trade as a bartender and worked at it for more than twenty years.

Another case, the so-called "Froelich's type," was that of an office executive whose talents were particularly necessary to the recent war effort, but whose flabbiness and increasing weight made him a shipboard risk. Hardening of the arteries had made gymnastic exercises impracticable, and a starvation diet would have rendered him useless. But, through physiotherapy, his muscles were passively exercised, and the fat removed from his abdomen and other regions, which restored him to usefulness. Electrotherapy and mechanotherapy accelerated weight reduction from 206 to 169 pounds, after which he was able to jump from ship to ship like any "Seabee" of 22.

An eleven-year-old boy, whose nervousness led to discovery of sugar in his urine by the family physician, was eventually taken to a physiotherapist. Posture exercises and strengthening

manipulations of the back entirely cleared up the sugar condition, which otherwise might have become too deep-set to overcome. Posture is always important in such cases.

Except for the reluctance of orthodox medicine, the methods of physiotherapists Henry O. and Florence P. Kendall would be more frequently applied to infantile paralysis. In one case, in which doctors were debating whether the paralysis was spinal or otherwise, a physiotherapist applied warm applications to the limbs, and packs to the neck and abdomen; he also administered passive skin exercises, and brought about the patient's recovery with hardly any residual effects — all without the use of braces or other mechanical aids.

As early as 1910, Professor A. Manquat, of Paris, wrote that "the name physiotherapy has commonly been adopted to designate the group of therapeutic actions derived from the employment of natural agencies, such as water, air, climate, electricity, etc. Physiotherapy includes all the medications which borrow their agent from natural *materia medica*."

By 1921 the pressure of opposition brought the above-mentioned therapies into a single common camp in the United States, under one name — physiotherapy. Leading public figures became aware of it, and some of them

used it. In 1924 Franklin D. Roosevelt, an infantile paralytic, learned how a young man named Josephs, who could not walk at all, had gone to Warm Springs, Ga., and played around in a public pool, where he had managed to get his feet down and walk around on the bottom; later, he had walked in shallower and shallower water, until finally he was walking on dry land.

When Roosevelt went to Warm Springs, very few people knew of the place. As his condition improved tremendously, other polio sufferers began to arrive. Without the aid of doctor or leader, "or anything of a medical nature," as Roosevelt said, those present tried to help the newcomers. Mr. Roosevelt himself brought in a physician, but the treatment was not medicine; it was hydro- and mechano-therapy.

"I undertook to be doctor and physiotherapist, all rolled into one," said Franklin Roosevelt, a decade later:

I taught Fred Botts to swim. I taught them all at least to play around in the water. I remember there were two quite large ladies; and when I was trying to teach them an exercise which I had really invented, which was the elevating exercise in the medium of water, one of these ladies found great difficulty in getting both feet down to the bottom of the pool. Well, I would

take one large knee and I would force this large knee and leg down until the foot rested firmly on the bottom. And then I would say, "Have you got it?" and she would say, "Yes," and I would say, "Hold it, hold it." Then I would reach up and get hold of the other knee very quickly and start to put it down and then number one knee would pop up. This used to go on for half an hour at a time; but before I left in the spring, I could get both those knees down at the same time.

I called that my medical practice, the first and last time that I have ever practiced medicine and physiotherapy. After I get through at the White House, I hope the medical fraternity will allow me to come back and practice here. I feel I would be rather good at giving exercises in the water. At least, I have had more exercise in the water, over a longer period of time, than anybody else in captivity in this country.

In 1926, 25 patients went to Warm Springs, and in the spring of 1927 the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis was organized there. What a pity that this very Foundation has forgotten physiotherapy and the efforts of even its own pioneers!

Frequently opponents attack physiotherapy on the ground that its "machines" have been discredited in legal actions that are a matter of court record, and therefore undeni-

able. These objectors apparently ignore the fact that, not the machines, but the puppet manipulators of the machines, have been discredited — the imitative “button-pushers” and “gadgeteers” whom these objectors have actually encouraged, at the expense of the bona fide physiotherapist and the public health.

In any healing science, technological refinements are at best mere physical trappings. Not the “cutlery,” but the surgeon, is of prime importance. His success depends upon how he uses the knife — which is a matter of knowledge. If an out-and-out faker or an untrained “switch-puller” is entrusted with the physiotherapist’s tools, certainly he will botch the job; *e.g.*, the recent practice of hospitals under the guidance of the medical fraternity, where such machines and contrivances are worked by under-trained, unskilled manipulators. There is something odd and strange in this encouragement of unskilled and unlicensed therapists, to a degree amounting to wholesale disregard of law.

IV

Every specialty of physiotherapy — actinotherapy, hydrotherapy, mechanotherapy, thermotherapy, electrotherapy or any other — has evolved its own set of machines and instruments. A physician or amateur untrained in the intricate techniques

can do more damage to a patient in a fraction of a second than the general practitioner who attempts another specialty without due training.

The physiotherapist’s training is prescribed by law. The profession itself, through its societies, adheres to strict standards of education, ethics and practice. Five dollars spent in a physiotherapist’s office gives the patient his money’s worth of qualified, licensed treatment. But the same money spent for physiotherapy in a medical office is very often of dubious value. The treatment there is likely to be administered by a disappointed office flunkey, mechanically trained to push buttons and pull switches on machines that no one without proper education should even be allowed to touch. That physicians and hospitals suffer such “assistants” in their offices, let alone pay them for their work, is all the more astounding in view of the official attitude of orthodox medicine over the last quarter of a century. Before that time the physiotherapist was usually forced to practice without benefit of the law. But when physiotherapy gained legal recognition, with medicine paying lip service to the act, the opposition became more subtle and hidden.

The more forward-looking state legislatures have set up standard educational requirements for physiotherapists, just as for physicians and

surgeons. Well in the vanguard of such progressive states is New York, which requires four years of academic training for the physiotherapist, in a recognized institution of learning. Some states, in which legislation has been tailored to the requirements of technicians and button-pushers, prescribe only two years of study.

But while it has been recognized by the State Department of Health, the State Medical Society, and the State Department of Education, physiotherapy was knifed in the back by those who had pretended to be its friends and emancipators. Medical practitioners in charge of policy in New York's big hospitals have dodged the legal requirements of education and training by discharging trained and skilled physiotherapists and substituting a new class of unskilled, office-trained, medically ignorant button-pushers — "technicians," as they call them. These button-pushers have inherited the gadgetry and technological paraphernalia of the physiotherapists, while the legally recognized physiotherapist has been driven into the "catacombs," as it were, to practice underground.

The law is adequate, but the medical fraternity in New York State openly flouts it. Hospital after hospital has thrown out its trained and licensed physiotherapists, ascribing the action to lack of funds. When the

axe fell at the hospital where I had been employed for fifteen years, because of "necessities of the budget," I had my choice of leaving or continuing without pay. I left. What happened to me happened to hundreds of the trained and licensed members of my profession — after physiotherapy was officially recognized!

Meanwhile, the button-pushers flourish. So flagrant were the violations that New York State's Department of Education took cognizance of the situation in a recent "pink slip" bearing the following notice:

The Department invites the aid and coöperation of all licensed physicians to eradicate the unlawful practice of physiotherapy by so-called "physiotherapy technicians." Since the right to practice physiotherapy in this State is limited to physiotherapists registered with this department, all physicians are cautioned against referring patients for physiotherapy treatments to nonlicensed individuals. Such indiscriminate referrals may lead to charges of "aiding and abetting" in the illegal practice of physiotherapy.

Again, Governor Dewey recently re-emphasized the prescribed course of education for physiotherapists in New York State, covering anatomy, physiology, pathology, hygiene, chemistry, gynecology and the theory and practice of physiotherapy. Before admittance for examination, the appli-

cant must produce evidence that he has studied this science "not less than four years, including four satisfactory courses of not less than seven months each in four calendar years in a school or college maintaining a standard satisfactory to the department."

Insidious pressure from medical quarters induced New York and Columbia Universities to discontinue their four-year courses, whereupon Ithaca College, in Ithaca, N. Y., became the only institution giving the course as prescribed by law, in accordance with the requirements of the University of the State of New York.

New York remains today the strictest state in its requirements for physiotherapy, and it is through no laxity of state authorities that public health is endangered by the appointment of inadequately trained "technicians" in many hospitals. If medical men themselves wilfully countenance and promote lawbreaking to keep their profession prosperous, the state's problem of law enforcement becomes truly difficult.

v

Perhaps once in a lifetime a man's cherished beliefs and credo are tested by the precision instruments of destiny. The test came for me with an apoplectic stroke in 1948. Recovering from the effects of the first medical narcotic treatment, I found my right

arm and leg paralyzed and my power of speech completely gone.

No one is so isolated as a stroke victim, in full possession of all his faculties, including the power of thought, but unable to communicate to others. My family thought I was crazy as they watched me struggling to manipulate my fingers, legs and toes, and heard my weird efforts to grunt out vowel sounds, as Rodolphe Grivel had once done under the ministrations of Fabre d'Olivet. If only I could "keep the nerve paths clear," I thought I might overcome posture and disuse paralysis before it became too deep-seated!

For the record, I usually say that in six months I was back at work, with hardly a single residual effect of my ailment. Actually, I was back at work in six hours — I was treating myself, as a physiotherapist, salvaging what could be salvaged, adding to what was left. It was most important to re-establish the transmittance of "upper mind impulses" to fingers and toes — to produce muscle movements. No matter how slight the movement, it served to salvage "wirings" not engorged by blood saturation in the brain or by resultant pressure from a clot. I had also to overcome every tendency toward hysteria, which is destructive.

Treatment of a "stroke" covers three stages: the acute stage, which

lasts about 24 hours; the subacute stage, continuing from two days to a week; and convalescence, over a period of months, during which posture and disuse paralysis can become chronic if the handling of the first two stages has not been correct and successful. In the acute stage, the patient is flat on his back in bed. An ice pack is applied to the head. Head and back are elevated from mid-back at a 40° angle, to prevent an accumulation of blood in the head. The arms are supported at an upward angle of 12° to 30° , as are the knees and the foot, by means of pillows. This position allows for a minimum of motion, and at the same time permits arterial circulation to continue unimpeded; it provides a natural path by which the venous blood may flow back into the abdomen, the reservoir of the circulatory system. The pillows even serve to provide a small measure of passive exercise and stimulate circulation.

In the subacute stage I became more "aggressive." It is necessary, in this phase of a "stroke," to guard against secondary hemorrhages and to persevere in sending "cerebral messages" to affected muscles and body members. Remember that a patient in this condition must look about to discover where the parts of his body are, just as he would look for a watch on the table. He has no feeling in his body. There is only consciousness,

an awareness of disability, and pain.

The patient must consciously think, "I want to move my thigh, my calf-muscle, my large toe"; he must begin pill-rolling exercises for the toes and large fingers. The thumb proves to be highly important. Lack of a right thumb voids a soldier for military service — it complements the rest of the hand. So restoration of thumb dexterity is vital in re-educating the hand muscles of a "stroke" victim. Making the thumb meet the small finger is a good start, and at an early period I began touching my own skin, if ever so lightly, to salvage the sensory nerves and restore gradually the sense of position, which was completely lost.

Inch by inch, nerve by nerve, vessel by vessel, muscle by muscle, the paralyzed body of the patient begins life over again, resumes its link with the brain impulses from which it has been severed. To accomplish this, to gradually regain skill, posture and eventually the ability to walk, is a process requiring the most exact routine and discipline. The patient becomes a marionette player, so to speak, pulling on the strings (nerves) to activate the paralyzed members of the body. Given a good sense of humor, he stands a chance finally to recover.

In the *New York Daily News* for April 2, 1950, Dr. Theodore R. Van

Dellen recommended such physiotherapy for stroke victims within 24 hours after the arterial accident.

"In the past," Dr. Van Dellen frankly admitted, "the physician had little to offer to remedy the situation except perhaps a hit-or-miss plan of questionable value. Nowadays, physiotherapy has come to the rescue."

The 15,000 physiotherapists in the United States are hardly numerous enough to handle the 1,250,000 cases of stroke victims alone. It is up to the public to see to it that their states do what New York State has done to

encourage and uplift the standards of such a science. It is up to other institutions of learning throughout the land to do what Ithaca College has done.

Ithaca is the pioneer in assembling a complete course on physiotherapy "under one roof." A coördinated and coöperative body of healing needs and deserves such a coördinated course of study. Even Dr. Morris Fishbein has recognized, in his book, *The Medical Follies*, that "the position of the medical profession regarding physical therapy has been unreasoning and blind."

A DOCTOR LOOKS AT PHYSIOTHERAPY

BY MAX S. RABINOWITZ, M.D.

IT WOULD appear somewhat presumptuous for an orthopedic surgeon to venture an authoritative opinion on the place of physical therapy in the field of medicine — particularly since there has been established in recent years a qualifying board to certify specialists in that field. But since the province of orthopedics has more occasion to use physical therapy than most branches of medicine, and since the doctor of physical medicine might be less objective, this essay is hardly inappropriate.

In the first place, we must define the scope of physical therapy as the application of physical agents in the treatment of disease. These include heat, cold, light, electricity, radiation, and mechanotherapy, which would include manipulation, exercise and massage; and various forms of hydrotherapy. The exact method of approaching the body tissue may show wide variance. For example, heat may be applied in the form of the sun's rays, or as radiant heat, from a lamp or coil; as moist heat, from a

compress or bath; as dry heat, from an electric pad; and, finally, as diathermy or shortwave radiation. I mention these so that we may appreciate the common element inherent in all these modalities; and at the same time to emphasize that neither the size of the machine, the chrome or mahogany in the cabinet, nor the buzz from the spark gaps alter the fact that it is heat which is being delivered.

We might ask how these physical agencies operate; how they modify the patient's complaints or disease; what changes occur in the body during, immediately after, and as remote effects of their application. For many of the devices there is, as yet, no unanimity of interpretation; but for the most frequently employed types — heat, massage and exercise — the common denominator of their influence is their effect upon the circulation. This has been determined with some degree of scientific accuracy, and in many instances it can be quite profound. About one quarter of the blood content of the body is contained in the capillary beds, that is, peripherally; and therefore even mild massage can have a very pronounced influence. Other effects include the alteration of the oxygen-carrying capacity of the blood, and the acid-base regulating mechanism.

How is it that this method of treatment, which by its very nature ante-

dates that of almost every other form of therapy, should have remained in the background for so long a time, poorly understood and not fully appreciated, even today, by many otherwise well-qualified and conscientious practitioners of the various branches of medicine? For one thing, physiotherapy was clothed at first in mysticism and empiricism, and largely the implement of quacks. For another, until recently the individuals who employed these techniques had no general standards of learning, no appreciation of the inter-relation of various bodily functions; they were, for the most part, largely untrained. Their early success and the diffidence of the medical profession led them to make claims well beyond their actual scope of fulfillment. Finally, since they possessed no diagnostic training, their subjects went frequently without diagnosis, and hence these physiotherapists aroused still further suspicion on the part of orthodox practitioners. Or perhaps the doctors were merely practicing their traditional healthy scepticism.

At any rate, in 1922 Dr. Will Mayo discovered that some enterprising soul had established a mud bath in the basement of the Zumbro Hotel in Rochester, Minn., and in high scorn had given orders that no orthodox doctor was to refer his patients there unless he was absolutely

sure their cases demanded such treatment. Needless to say, the mud bath did not long survive, but Dr. Mayo was later convinced that it could be helpful in many ailments; in 1935 he personally sanctioned the establishment of a clinic section on physical therapy, in the hands of a qualified specialist. Well aware that his specialty could be easily discredited because its gadgets and apparatus invited exploitation, Dr. Krusen, the physician in charge, went over the applications for fellowship with a fine-tooth comb. Such an approach, if practiced wherever there are residences or fellowship for training doctors in this specialty, will elevate it to the level it deserves, and deliver it from the clutches of the ill-informed and the commercial.

II

Our quarrel, therefore, is not with physiotherapy nor with the physiotherapist. It concerns, rather the lack of understanding of the relationship between the physiotherapist and the patient. This must be based, first of all, on a realization that all parts of the body are functionally as well as physically related; that a sore knee, for example, is not merely one which functions poorly, but a factor in making the patient a sick person. Secondly, because of the intricacies of the human organism, it is essential

that treatment be predicated on an accurate diagnosis. Thirdly, no discussion of this subject would be complete without some reference to the psychosomatic aspects of disease and treatment. Just as much as a sore knee can affect a patient's behavior in diverse ways, so, in turn, can mental tension and emotional disturbances, whatever their origin, affect the sore knee. A recent survey suggests that emotional disturbances may be instrumental in producing arthritis, by affecting the neuro-endocrine system and causing derangement in joint metabolism. A large percentage of patients with rheumatoid arthritis actually have severe emotional disturbances, associated with the onset of the illness. One author found "disabling arthritis" to be seventeen times as prevalent in the community at large as in the State Mental Hospital. He postulated that psychotic patients had solved their emotional disturbances by retreating into psychosis and relieving joint strain.

Conversely, in evaluating any method of treatment, one cannot discount the enthusiasm of the therapist, and the change of environment or method of treatment. Could it not be that the patient's emotional reaction to these factors, in turn, affects the neuro-endocrine system, causing the elaboration of beneficial elements into the bloodstream? Furthermore, the

Rorschach tests suggest that the arthritic is dominated by an urge for individualistic independent action. Patients with vague joint complaints, without clinical or laboratory evidence of arthritis, are frequently diagnosed as having myositis, fibrositis or psychogenic rheumatism. Those complaints may arise from emotional conflicts of which the patients are unaware. Before making a diagnosis of fibrositis, one should be certain that the complaints are organic, and not due to tension. A psychiatric study of 40 patients with various diagnoses of arthritis, etc., showed that 16 had hysteria, 11 anxiety, 2 hypochondria, 2 depression and 9 neurosis. These observations further emphasize the protean aspects of the diagnostic problems, and the importance of adequate training in its solution.

How simple it is to say, "This man has a sacro-iliac [whatever that may be, since everyone has two — a right and a left]. He needs a manipulation and I'm the one that knows the right twist to give him." A jerk here, a jerk there, and, presto! he's cured. It is just as easy to say he has nothing that a course of diathermy can't cure, since Uncle Joe had the same thing and he's all better after two dozen treatments. More likely than not, the case will be something totally different, requiring a thorough survey to explore the origin, to identify the cause, to outline

and explain the proper course of treatment. Thus, it is especially important to beware of the kind friend or neighbor or relative who "had the same thing." Each case is highly individual, and even the response to treatment is uncertain, and quite difficult to predict.

Of course, while indicating the shortcomings of the over-zealous, opinionated therapist who is unaware of his or her limitations, one can at the same time deplore the ignorance and slothfulness, the indifference and frequent lack of judgment of the regular medical practitioner who either fails to realize the value and importance of the physical therapeutic agencies; or who fails to acquaint himself with their proper employment and carries on an interminable course of treatment, usually diathermy, just because the patient is willing to continue coming. The latter vice applies particularly to compensation cases, where instead of an approach designed to rehabilitate and restore the patient to an early earning capacity, he is relegated to an unskilled office assistant or nurse, who turns on the heat and turns it off again. This does the patient little good and the profession less. It is time indeed the medical profession, the insurance carriers and industry got together and evolved a more suitable approach to this small facet of the physical therapy problem.

III

There are three major fields of medicine in which physical therapy is employed; arthritis, poliomyelitis, and injury. In the latter, or post traumatic group, experience has shown that the most useful modality is active exercise, with a minimal emphasis on any other form of physical therapy. We have employed all the other modalities, including heat in its various forms, electrical stimulation, massage, and passive manipulation in very limited instances; it must be emphasized again that they are for the most part overdone, and that an intelligent, sympathetic approach to the patients' problems of rehabilitation, with encouragement in the proper use of the injured parts, effects the best and most rapid recovery.

As for polio, orthodox medicine has been inclined toward a rather nihilistic viewpoint, based on the feeling that the pathologic process was confined largely and primarily to the spinal cord and that the measures thus far evolved toward an amelioration of the disease could not reach the site of the primary disturbance. But we have learned that physical therapy does help.

I must confess that I think that the improvement is due more to the better employment and expansion of our public health facilities and other

programs aimed at restoring or creating earning capacities than to any advance in actual physiotherapy treatments. I say this with due regard for the teachings of Sister Kenny and her supporters, and with a deep respect for their integrity and enthusiasm, as well as for their published results. Since no adequate control studies have been made — nor are they, for that matter, feasible — we cannot draw scientific conclusions on the basis of results alone.

Finally, for the arthritic, physical therapy is an indispensable aid and has its widest appreciation, but here too many pitfalls await the unwary and I hasten to warn against expecting too much. Home diathermy, as advertised over the radio, represents an element of danger since it may delay proper treatment to a joint which can be irreparably damaged by delay; it invites self diagnosis which is hazardous and may lead to aggravation rather than relief. Who but a competent physician is to say, without proper investigation, what treatment is indicated?

There remains little doubt in my mind that with the coöperation of the specialists in physical medicine, as leaders, with the support of the philanthropically minded, with the proper training of greater numbers of the medical profession, and the assistance



of appropriately qualified technicians to administer the treatment, the benefits of this oldest of all therapies may enjoy the widest appreciation. Let us bear in mind, though, that "greatest of ignorances — the ignorance which is the conceit that a man knows what he does not know."

BIRDS IN A STEEPLE

BY I. L. SALOMON

The chattering of well-fed birds
in the uptilted steeple
resounds in the old country church
charred black and fireweed purple.

The off-key unchromatic thirds,
obstreperous in mid-air,
break loudest in the wooden arch
where crowded starlings are.

Abruptly the assertive whirrs
echo in the empty pews,
nor perish where parishioners
lie stiff in Sunday clothes.

Eying his profitable fruit
the spoil of thieves, a farmer
counts unrecoverable loot
on wing from spire to dormer.

He shoos them, but their rapid cries
and fluttering unnerve his
equilibrium; as they rise,
he profanes the monstrous service.

The birds fly off in pairs, and turn
in perfect echelon,
voicing their easy unconcern:
Begone! Begone! Begone!

GORGEOUS GEORGE THE WRESTLER

BY TED SHANE

HE WORE a purple lounging suit with ponyskin loafers when we met in a New York beauty parlor for our first interview. "I must inform you, Mr. Shane," said Gorgeous George stiffly, as the hairdresser doused his dome with touchup juice for his 1950 New York wrestling debut, "that what I do is not an act. I do what I do because I love colors and cleanliness." "And," he added thoughtfully, "attracting attention."

I looked with admiration at the 208 pounds of solid magnificence soon to go under the drier. Far from his California home, separated by a whole continent from his wife and children, I thought there was a lonely droop to his porcine jaws as they quivered with a desire not to be misunderstood.

I had caught my first glimpse of Gorgeous George on television. He not only kept the fans at the arena waiting but he got us TV-ites restless for his entrance. Came an alarum and the camera panned hastily to the door of the Great Man's dressing room. It opened but Gorgeous George did not

emerge. Instead a gentleman's gentleman, faultlessly attired in cutaway, striped pants and derby, came out carrying a large silver tray on which rested a huge spray gun. Over one arm was draped a bath mat and a small prayer rug.

He climbed into the ring, set down the tray, carefully placed the rug where his master would enter, and the bath mat where he would stand, then like a bored hospital attendant he thoroughly drenched the scene with the spray gun, ropes and all—all, that is, except George's opponent, who stood snarling in his corner.

Then to the distant strains of *Pomp and Circumstance* entered Gorgeous George. The crowd was on its feet booing and cheering. His cardinal's robe reached from his neck to the floor. His golden hair was in Greek-god ringlets. He walked on his heels in pompous strides, climbed to his corner, and inspected his manicure while the announcer and referee went through the preliminaries. The valet then carefully removed the robe,

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folded it, gave the marcelled mop a flick of the comb and retired as George stood revealed in shocking-pink wrestling trunks and white shoes.

When the gong sounded, George began a marathon, shrugging from contact with his germ-laden opponent until the rival bone cruncher grabbed two generous handfuls of George's crowning glory and slammed him across the ring. Tampering with the hairdo seemed to irritate George and he began to fling his tormenter around like a pellet in a pinball machine — winning ultimately with some expert wrestling. Redonning his robes, and ignoring the needling crowd, he exited majestically, an irritated god with a mussed-up hairdo.

I told him of my experience watching him. "Yes," he agreed matter-of-factly, "I don't know if I was made for television, or if television was made for me."

II

Ten years ago wrestling was flat on its financial back. Today some three thousand glorified pretzel benders earn a good living at it, performing to 24 million cash customers who pay 36 million dollars a year. New Yorkers stashed up more than one million dollars last year to hear the squealing dinosaurs. Wrestling in St. Louis played to seven straight sellouts; and outdrew the St. Louis Browns for the

entire season. Recently 13,000 Montrealers, 19,000 Chicagoans watched George — many of them standing.

Gorgeous George is probably the No. 1 draw. Only three of his rivals — the reconstituted Primo Carnera, Mr. America, and the Man-Eating Matador, Antonino Rocco — approach the \$100,000-a-year mark, which he easily overshoots. "I don't want to be a millionaire," he said. "I just want to live like one."

Gorgeous George has set a vogue. Most headliners cast themselves in definite roles. There's the Gorilla, who is wheeled to the ring in a cage, snarling and rattling at the bars; and The Bat, who removes a long black robe, then flails his arms in batlike style while wrestling, and gives the impression that he is about to quaff his opponent's blood. Farmer Jones enters the ring in overalls, whiskers and bare feet, leading a pig on a red leash and carrying a jug; while Elmer Estep, the Arkansas Hillbilly, also is bearded, and totes a jug of applejack to work. Mr. America, known to his intimates as Gene Stanlee, is resplendent in a patriotic cape; while the Golden Superman gleams with gilt shorts, gilt cloak, gladiator boots and gilded tresses.

Most analysts seem to agree that professional wrestling today ranges from athletic buffoonery to legitimate sport. In New York you are not al-

lowed to call a wrestling bout a "match"; it's an "exhibition." Exposés constantly hint that all wrestling is in the tank, as the wise boys say. Winner, duration of agony, and type of fall are agreed on beforehand. I got up my courage and asked George, "Is wrestling fixed?"

"You might," George said haughtily, "also ask me if I enter false income-tax returns or if I beat my wife. To the best of my knowledge I have never engaged in any fraudulent bout in my entire nineteen years of wrestling. I can't afford to be dishonest; besides, everybody is in there trying to kill me. As soon as that bell rings I'm a wrestler."

Gorgeous George was born plain George Wagner on a tenant farm in Seward, Nebr. He says he's 34 (all wrestlers, I find, are 34). His mother was an invalid, and after moving from doctor to doctor seeking a magic cure the family finally settled for one in Houston, Tex. Wagner Sr. became a housepainter.

George preferred the delights of the sandlot to those of the schoolroom. His strength was a neighborhood fable. His father had crunched all comers at picnics and fairs with Indian bearhug wrestling; and George enjoyed tossing his playmates around after school. One day he took on fourteen in an empty lot and threw them all one after the other.

At fourteen George had to quit school and go to work. He became a water boy, a gas-station-pump nurse; sold newspapers and ice cream; packed strawberries; ground oilwell drill bits; chopped cotton for \$1 a day; he wrecked autos — with crowbars, not bare hands; sacked cement off a conveyor in a pit bottom by himself; studied aviation by mail, and finally found typewriter repairing to his liking and for a time settled at that. Meanwhile his fame as a cocky strong boy was spreading. Under the sobriquet of Elmer Schmitt he wrestled for small sums outside the Houston area.

Threading the embroidery needle for his invalid mother gave young George a feeling for colors. "I was born with a taste for the finer things," he reflects. "I used to stop in front of a clothing store and look at the suits. They all looked drab and I'd imagine that if I ever got any money I'd have them made up to my taste — green and purple suits, black suits with white buttons, dark red, turquoise blue."

But the Wagners were too poor for George to afford even haircuts. "One day I happened to notice that George Washington on the \$1 bill has long hair," he says. "I looked it up and found out he used curling irons, and that everybody in those days put his hair up in pin curls. I figured if

long hair was good enough for the Father of our Country it was good enough for one of its sons. I've worn it long ever since."

George was nineteen and watching an athletic carnival show outside Houston when his neighborhood admirers pushed him forward to answer a challenge for all comers. He declined, then agreed to referee. When Texas Red Allen failed to break an illegal hold against a local policeman friend of George, the lad grabbed Texas and threw him out of the ring. Later George haunted the small Texas arenas which couldn't afford expensive hunks of meat, wrestling for \$5 and \$10 in preliminary events.

One night George tied Jack Smith — now Jack the Ruffian — into so many neat knots that the headliner on the card, Karl von Hoffman, said he might be able to fix it for George to come to Atlanta and really get going. George announced to his family he was leaving home. "Don't go, George," his father advised strongly. "It's a hard game to get into. You'll be home in a month, broke and all beat up. Stay here and come into the painting business with me."

"I decided to show my Dad," George says.

George took the bus to Atlanta and Mr. Wagner proved almost right. Wrestlers are inclined not to nurture those who may defeat them the day

after tomorrow. "I got a little work, mostly out of my class," George reveals. "They do little unkind things like trying to break your toes and fingers. Your hands are your bread-winners. Many a time I lay on my bed in my cheap hotel hungry and broke, and wished I was home. The thing that kept me from hitchhiking back was what my father said to me."

III

You can't keep a good man down, so George floated around, gaining weight, experience and sporadic bouts before coming to a temporary halt in Portland, Ore. Winning the state light-heavy crown at 175 pounds, he began getting into semi-finals at a standard \$75 and \$100. As he traveled afield, ambition racked the hairy chest of George Wagner. "I asked myself, 'Why isn't a good wrestler, like yourself, in the finals?'"

He reasoned that he wasn't attracting enough attention. So he embarked on a Plan. When the money rolled in he fulfilled a boyhood ambition — went in for the louder crashes in clothes. Now with his buxom frame encased in an electric-blue sports jacket with kelly-green slacks, he noted the glances of ordinary citizens. Next it was only natural to add a touch of color to the drabness of his work clothes. Most wrestlers favored wrinkled bargain-basement bathrobes,

which when removed revealed discolored trunks and black shoes.

"My first robe wasn't much," says George. "It was black velvet with a cream satin lining." At the Labor Temple in Eugene, Ore., in 1941 he carted to the arena a dream creation of royal blue swarming with sequins. "Wear that in my place of business?" the promoter cried in horror. "Certainly not — you're not wrestling a dame!"

The following week George planted a friend in the audience with the glamor robe. George came down the aisle in an ancient bathrobe, and with the promoter's attention elsewhere he changed swiftly. He climbed into the ring, and, as the boys say, tore the joint apart.

"It was sensational," George modestly admits. "I took off the robe, folded it carefully, and placed it in my corner. Someone snatched it up and tossed it to somebody else. They started a game of basketball, and by the time the police got it back for me it wasn't fit for a mop. It cost \$250 and I just stood there and offered to wrestle the whole place I was so mad."

George designed another robe of equal expense and gorgeousness. This time he folded it and handed it to the policeman who had escorted him into the ring. As he bowed ironically to the heckling crowd, it set up a

crescendoing chorus of catcalls, boos and cries of "Sissy!" "The more they yelled, the more time I took," he confesses. "'The heck with those peasants!' I sneered — and gave them the high nose."

Meanwhile George's opponent had been so astounded by these goings-on that he proved easy pickings. In turn Wagner was so impressed by his reception that he dreamed up five more robes. They would be spares and keep his wardrobe from being monotonous.

Folks — many of them women — flocked in to see the Daring Innovator. One evening at Eugene a young lady breathed audibly: "My! Isn't he gorgeous!" A bell rang in Wagner's mind. "That's it — I'm Gorgeous George." The announcer, too, had overheard the young lady and introduced him as Gorgeous George Wagner. Reactions of the press at first made George a trifle unhappy about his new appellation, but he soon forgot his wounded feelings in the din made by the cash registers.

In Tulsa in 1943 he made another great decision. Bothered by the problem of the constabulary having to care for his robe, George got an inspiration. He hired an ex-busboy to take care of robes and transportation and other needs of a rising celebrity. Fastidiousness meanwhile had kept pace with showmanship. Having contracted a severe infection from a mat

burn, George had made it a practice to inspect the ring carefully before a match. If it looked unsanitary, Gorgeous himself disinfected it with a spray gun. Now his man Friday was brought into the act. Correctly attired in a valet's outfit, he solemnly appeared in the ring at Columbus, O., with tray, spray gun, smelling salts, unguents, comb and bath mats.

What happened was indescribable, mounting hysteria. "It was something I'd never dreamed of," marvels George. "I kept thinking: 'Gorgeous, you've added something to your profession.'"

Incidentally George wants it clearly understood he does not *perfume* the ring. "What I use," he explains scientifically, "is a phenol base strong enough to kill a bug — with an odorant to make it bearable."

George was in Honolulu when the Muses struck again. Passing a beauty salon, he gave way to an irresistible impulse. His hair, nutbrown and long, had been getting into his eyes during bouts. Walking into the salon bravely, he sat down and said: "I want a permanent!"

Goggle-eyed, the salonists went to work. Before they had finished a crowd of three hundred had collected outside to watch the very masculine George submit to the tortures of croquignole machines. "It didn't bother me," Gorgeous says. "It was

creating attention and helping wrestling." Once you begin fooling with your hair you never do seem to get it right. For a time the curls remained native nutbrown, then Lucille Ball red, and now they are Lana Turner buttercup yellow.

Television was just getting started on the Pacific Coast but after his four consecutive appearances at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles in the early '40's, George assures you, the sale of sets jumped by thousands. Promoters clamored for his services and George upped his take till he now gets 27 per cent of the gate.

About 40 per cent of his audiences are women, who once would as soon be seen at a burlesque show as at a wrestling match.

v

In 1947 Gorgeous became a resident of California, buying a house perched on 3200 feet of cliff land from which he can overlook the peasants of Hollywood. He also had his name legally altered to Gorgeous George. When I was uncertain how to address him, he answered quite unaffectedly, "Just call me Gorgeous."

Major investment against the day someone wrenches out his hair or spine, is the 195-acre Gorgeous George Turkey Ranch at Beaumont, Cal. Thus far \$300,000 has gone into producing the World's Most Gor-

geous Broad-Breasted Turkey, guaranteed delicious and hygienic — having been sprayed thoroughly through life by an army of turkey valets. Should the Gorgeous Turkeys fail, there are the Gorgeous George Dolls, Strength Belt, Bathrobe and a book demonstrating judo defense for women. Or he might vend so-called Georgie Pins. Really gold-plated bobby pins, he removes them from his tinted locks and tosses them to his ringside admirers as mementoes of a memorable occasion, lest a thoughtless adversary insert them into a tender spot on the Gorgeous anatomy.

They are also presented as autographs, the recipient being required to raise the right hand and repeat after him: "I solemnly swear not to confuse this gold Georgie pin with a bobby pin, so help me Gorgeous George."

Gorgeous George was suspended in New York recently for disputing a decision with the referee; and a week later in Chicago, too. Before a jammed arena he became annoyed with the referee and tore his shirt from his back. The referee happened to be Jack Dempsey. Possibly George was aware of the fact that a wrestler can defeat a boxer. He himself has mussed up five boxers in a row. Gorgeous didn't consider these suspensions serious blows. The darling of the West Coast, there were 46 other states clamoring for him.

It is said that all bouts are fixed. This is partially true. It would be absurd to deny this, or to deny that even the absorbed spectators are aware that they are. Only two types of bouts today can be declared lily-white contests of skill: those between "clean" wrestlers and those which occur when two headliners clash.

The wrestling business ranks George among the top dozen. A master grappler, he knows all the wrestling holds. Equally important, he also knows how to break them. George's own specialty is the Flying Mare, an adaptation of Strangler Lewis' famed headlock. Getting a headlock on his opponent, George twists his own legs from the hip down, jumps unexpectedly in the air while spinning around. This jerks the fellow off his feet, and George slaps him down and falls on him. "Should he fail to leave his feet, his head may come loose in my hands," George explains. "It's all balance and leverage — and after nineteen years I'm still learning about them."

In 207 bouts last year George lost only three matches, one to Lou Thezs, whom the Middle West offers as national heavyweight champion. "It was no disgrace," says George. "They were all out to win — like everybody else. In one bout I was thrown out of the ring and hit the concrete so hard I couldn't continue. But win, lose or

draw, I'm still Gorgeous George."

He points to his exterior in proof of his argument that wrestling is hardly a bed of roses. He's literally grown three or four new coats of skin after mat burns; every ligament and socket has been severely wrenched and a cauliflower ear impairs his appreciation of fine music. He's a mass of knots from head to toe, results of sledgehammer blows delivered illegally by the forbidden closed fist when the referee's attention was elsewhere. He's had more bloody noses than all of Joe Louis' opponents combined and has been beaten upon more than a village drum. A Gimmick Man once rubbed so much pepper into his big brown eyes that he couldn't see for days afterward. He's had his eyes pressed against the ropes and played like a violin. He's broken his shoulder blade on concrete, and his collarbone on a Mr. Talaber who whammed him into the ropes with a tremendous flying tackle. A friendly colleague once snapped his wrist after he had given up; his ribs have been cracked several times, the last time in Los Angeles in a two-man Tag Team Match a year ago.

Not all danger lurks in the ring itself. Everyone seems to want to get

into the act. Women like Hatpin Mary (recently enjoined) will sit at ringside and prod any portion of a protruding anatomy which carelessly presents itself. When George has landed in the seats, women have pulled his hair and clubbed him about the curls with their spiked heels. Others have showered him with bottles. Men seem to have special resentment toward him. When he flung the Black Panther into the seats not long ago in Los Angeles, he so roused the public that they streamed into the ring to attack him.

Despite everything, Gorgeous George is a happy man. He has a personal Fort Knox, an adoring family and a secure future. He believes that the touch of color and sanitation he is bringing to the world will leave it a better place.

Only one thing bothers him. Each afternoon of a bout he must submit to the tortures of the hair parlor. Every ten days there must be a touch-up session for the growing roots. I sat with him in a New York cubicle while cloths were adjusted under the generous jowls and a halo of aluminum was placed over his curls. "I've been in tougher spots than this," he muttered, "but I can't remember when."



EXAGGERATED DANGERS OF GERM WARFARE

BY JAMES A. TOBEY, DR. P.H.

LAST April the Secretary of Defense declared in his semi-annual report to Congress that the Joint Chiefs of Staff were actively concerned with studies of biological warfare, because it is assumed that such warfare might be highly effective in the hands of an unfriendly power. Actually, our national military establishment had been concerned with germ warfare as early as 1941, and has been actively engaged in practical research on this vital problem since 1944. During the height of these important investigations, a total of nearly 3900 scientists and other workers were employed in the central laboratory in an Eastern state, and in the proving grounds in the West.

The mere possibility of biological warfare has given rise, meanwhile, to fantastic and hysterical statements in the public press and elsewhere. It has been asserted, for example, that germ warfare is more deadly and malignant than atomic warfare — which is nonsense. It has been claimed that

one small capsule of a virulent biological agent, dropped from an enemy airplane, could immediately exterminate all the inhabitants of one of our large cities, or even of the whole country — which is absurd.

Such exaggerated and unfounded statements stem partly from the characteristic and unfortunate craving of American journalists — and public — for the sensational, and partly from widespread ignorance of the scientific aspects of germ warfare. The subject has been shrouded in secrecy for much too long, at the expense of public peace of mind. As in the case of atomic warfare, it is the fear of the unknown which causes apprehension, despair, and terror. The sober facts seldom make the headlines.

At the outset, it can be stated flatly that there is today no known biological agent of sufficient virulence, stability, and adaptability, which could be effectively disseminated, by any known method, so as to kill immediately all of the people in

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any American community, whether large or small. There are, nevertheless, at least a score of suitable biological agents which could be successfully employed, either by direct enemy action or by saboteurs, to spread dangerous diseases, which, if unchecked, might conceivably cause serious epidemics and result in a large number of fatalities.

In discussing such biological warfare, we are concerned, of course, only with the nefarious use of bacteria, viruses, rickettsia, parasites, and fungi — with dangerous and pathogenic organisms and their toxic products, which can cause disease and spread into epidemics. This is quite different from chemical warfare, which employs poisonous gases and other materials; and it is quite different from atomic warfare. The atom bomb is highly destructive of life and property in the target area; it is followed by lingering and often persistent residual effects, due to radioactive substances. Biological warfare, however, can attack only susceptible living things — men, animals, plants — and then only during the period when the biological agent is active, potent, and virulent — a period which is short at best.

In 1940, bubonic plague broke out in an area in central China which had been free of this terrible scourge for many years. This epidemic involved about 150 cases, most of them fatal.

Just before it began, Japanese planes had bombarded the area, and it was charged by the Chinese public health authorities that the planes had dropped the bacilli of plague in grains of rice, bits of cloth, and other infected materials. But the charge was never scientifically substantiated by the discovery of actual plague bacilli in the articles coming from the hostile aircraft.

In 1947, a disastrous epidemic of cholera occurred in Egypt, causing about twenty thousand cases and some ten thousand deaths. Prior to this outbreak there had been no cholera in Egypt for approximately half a century. Although impartial scientific investigators believed that the cholera in Egypt had been accidentally imported from India (where it has flourished for centuries), an influential American radio commentator and newspaper columnist brashly charged that: (1) the Russians had been developing germ warfare; and (2) there was something very suspicious about that epidemic of cholera in Egypt. Now, we know that the Russians are working in the field of biological warfare; we realize that they are capable of any kind of treachery that seems expedient to them, but it doesn't seem credible that they were responsible for this particular epidemic.

The scientific fact is that neither cholera nor plague is a particularly

suitable agent for biological warfare on an extensive scale. In order to spread bubonic plague, it is necessary to unloose infected rats and rat fleas, which leave their animal hosts when the hosts die, and then transfer the plague bacilli to man, through a rather intricate process. The organism of cholera, the vibrio, is transmitted by direct contact or through polluted water, but it does not lend itself to especially effective use in warfare. The Germans attempted to spread cholera in Italy during the first World War, but without much success.

II

In order to appreciate the potentialities of germ warfare and the difficulties involved, it is necessary to know something about the many modes of transmission of communicable diseases. There are literally hundreds of such diseases, many of which are spread by direct contact between the sick and the well; by the transfer of causative organisms through bodily secretions, which are inhaled, swallowed, or introduced through the skin; or by such media as contaminated water, milk, and foodstuffs. Many others are carried and spread only by infected animals, birds, insects, worms, and other fauna — there are more than 70 such animal diseases which are communicable to man.

Among diseases which circulate by

direct contact are respiratory infections, such as influenza, the pneumonias, tuberculosis, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, and mumps; and such other ailments as typhoid fever, smallpox, infantile paralysis, leprosy, and the venereal diseases. Maladies spread by contaminated water, milk, and food include the enteric diseases, typhoid fever, the dysenteries, cholera, infectious diarrhea and undulant fever, bovine tuberculosis, diphtheria, scarlet fever, septic sore throat, trichinosis, and the whole gamut of assorted food poisonings.

From infected animals man may acquire anthrax, glanders, rabies, undulant fever, rabbit fever, equine encephalitis, Rift Valley fever, botulism, and trichinosis; while birds, such as parrots and pigeons, can give him psittacosis. A number of other animal diseases, such as rinderpest, foot and mouth disease, hog cholera, pleuropneumonia, and fowl plague, are lethal or disabling for animals, but are not transmissible to man.

The numerous insect carriers include several species of mosquitoes, which carry yellow fever, malaria, filariasis, and dengue or breakbone fever; the body louse, which spreads typhus fever; the flea, which conveys plague and may also carry typhus; the itch mite, which causes scabies; ticks, which disseminate relapsing fever, Rocky Mountain spotted fe-

ver, scrub typhus, and other diseases; the house fly, which spreads dysentery and typhoid fever; the sandfly, which transmits sandfly fever; the tsetse fly, which causes African sleeping sickness; and a number of other insects. In biological warfare it would not be very practical to try to utilize insects as vectors of dangerous disease, however. With the exception of the body louse, most of them do not operate effectively in cold climates. And besides, we have available many excellent pesticides and other methods of protection.

Between the infection and the actual onset of any disease is a time lag, known as the incubation period, when the germ prepares to raid the human tissues while the body mobilizes its defenses against the onslaught. This incubation period varies greatly in different diseases and in different persons; it may be anywhere from a few days to many years in length. The germs of influenza and gonorrhea act quickly, while leprosy and tuberculosis may lie latent for years before the malady breaks out.

Thus, the best choice of a biological agent to cause the widespread dissemination of disease is far from a simple matter. The organism selected must be concentrated, virulent, resistant to outside physical influences, quick acting, and capable of causing a

host of obscure infections, which effectively disable the enemy. From the military standpoint, it is always better to injure and incapacitate rather than to kill, because that procedure ties up many other men, as well as facilities and supplies.

Another important factor in selecting a biological agent for use in warfare is to see that it does not backfire on the user. Germs are the enemies of all mankind — they do not take sides in warfare, and they are as likely to harass their employer as their intended victim.

Again, most pathogenic organisms are pretty feeble when removed from the warm protective environment of a human or animal host. They expire quickly when subjected to rough, indelicate handling, as when under high temperatures, in bombs or powerful atomizers, or when mixed with chemicals. The few tough exceptions are some of the spore-forming organisms which live for long periods in the soil, such as anthrax and tetanus (lockjaw). But tetanus is impractical in biological warfare because it requires a break in the skin to cause infection, because it is not an epidemic disease, and we have an excellent vaccine to protect us against it.

It is one thing to have available a potent and suitable biological agent, and quite another to distribute it efficaciously among the enemy. One

of the startling developments of biological warfare has been the preparation of a crystalline toxin of botulism, one of the most powerful poisons in existence. Although it is the product of a disease, this toxin is really a chemical substance, one tiny grain of which would kill an individual quickly and easily. Yet, it is not an especially valuable biological weapon because of the difficulties of distribution and the fact that botulism does not spread from one person to another.

Similarly, there is a soup-like suspension of the virus of psittacosis, the parrot disease which is communicable to man. According to Dr. Theodor Rosebury, who has written a valuable book on the whole subject, one quart of this lethal soup would contain enough virus to infect seven billion persons — but it would be extremely difficult to infect even a few thousand persons with any such virus.

Most virus diseases, including psittacosis, are air-borne. They are spread through droplets coughed or sneezed into the atmosphere by human carriers; when the droplets are breathed in by nearby persons, those persons may or may not become infected and ill, depending upon the virulence of the infection, their own personal immunity to the particular virus, and other factors.

It would be a comparatively simple matter for an enemy saboteur to

spray dangerous germs in our crowded subways and in large auditoriums filled with unsuspecting victims. In order to operate on a larger scale, however, the enemy would have to send over fleets of jet planes equipped with special apparatus for spraying huge clouds of germs over our metropolitan cities. The organisms would be mixed with other substances, such as glycerine, dextrin, and various powders, so that the mixture, heavier than air, would fall to the ground and hit the prey. Even so, there would be a considerable loss of effectiveness, both in the death of the falling germs and in their dissipation through wind currents, since the planes would have to fly high. Furthermore, it would not be an easy matter for such enemy planes to get through our defensive barriers.

Even if they did get through, and dropped a considerable quantity of organisms that reached their targets, there is still no assurance that all the exposed persons would succumb to the disease. Some diseases, like influenza and typhoid fever, will attack the strong as well as the weak, but most maladies display a selective action, reaching only those who are peculiarly susceptible to them and passing up those who are immune. Thus, if an enemy dropped a concentrated virus of smallpox, no one who had been successfully vaccinated

against this scourge would be likely to get it. Therefore, the enemy would not drop smallpox virus over such well-vaccinated nations as the United States or Great Britain, but would try something against which defense would be more difficult.

III

It is possible that our present foe knows of malignant diseases with which we are not familiar, which could be spread so suddenly as to take us completely by surprise. But it is extremely improbable. During the past quarter of a century many new diseases have been discovered, identified, and investigated, including such maladies as Brucellosis, tularemia, psittacosis, Q fever, equine encephalitis, rickettsial pox, scrub typhus, and numerous others. Undoubtedly there are many diseases not yet discovered, but no nation today is better equipped to discover them and to deal with them than the United States.

In this country, defense against biological and toxicological warfare is in the capable hands of the Chemical Corps of the United States Army, advised and assisted by the Surgeon General of the Army. Since 1944, the Chemical Corps has been actively engaged in research on every aspect

of offensive and defensive biological warfare. Much of its work, such as the production of the weed killer, 2-4 D, the development of new vaccines, and studies in the field of human and animal diseases, has also had important peacetime implications.

Their first line of defense against biological warfare would obviously be to prevent the dissemination of disease agents by an enemy; if that fails, then practical defense would consist of prompt recognition of the agents employed and the resultant diseases, immediate isolation and effective treatment of all cases, immunization of the population if possible, the use of masks and protective clothing where necessary, sanitation of the environment, and protection of water and food supplies.

Such defense measures do not differ appreciably from those which are applied daily in peacetime by regularly constituted public health authorities. In wartime, our usual public health safeguards would be complicated by the destruction, chaos, and disturbed morale which is to be expected in the atomic age. While it would be folly to ignore the possible dangers of biological warfare at such a time, there is no good reason to be unduly terrified about it.



THE NEW ENGLAND EMIGRANT AID COMPANY

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

ON MAY 19, 1856, Charles Sumner, the gentleman from Massachusetts, arose in the United States Senate to pass a few remarks on what he said was The Crime Against Kansas. He was 45 years old, six feet four, strikingly handsome, and possessed of a voice of great power. He had few if any peers in the matter of invective.

As the tall Senator arose, the chamber was tense, charged with emotion: the battle over the extension of slavery had become increasingly bitter since the passage of a bill, two years previously, which opened the new Territory of Kansas to slavery. Mr. Sumner got to the point immediately. "To lay bare this enormity," said he to the packed chamber and the galleries, which included the aged Webster on his last visit — "To lay bare this enormity, I now proceed."

And so he did. He called, naturally enough, upon God Almighty to witness the Crime. He charged that the President of the United States, together with his minions in the Slavocracy, had conspired to introduce the

Abomination into Kansas. He mentioned Catiline. He quoted Latin phrases of great resonance. He brought in the campaigns in the Crimea and the siege of Sebastopol. He said that an armed multitude of the Slavocracy from Missouri had invaded Kansas in larger numbers than General Taylor had commanded at Buena Vista — much larger than our noble forefathers had rallied at Bunker Hill. He charged that the Administration had aided and abetted these thugs and assassins, whom he happily characterized as "hirelings from the drunken spew and vomit of an uneasy civilization, having the form of men. . . ." It had originally been the foul plan of these hirelings — said Mr. Sumner — to introduce slavery into Kansas quietly, so that "the crocodile egg might be stealthily dropped on the sunburnt soil, there to be hatched, unobserved, until it sent forth its reptile monster."

Mr. Sumner was an extremely able man on his feet, and the way in which he ejaculated *reptile monster* made men shudder; it carried with it all the

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venom secreted during the many months when Southern Senators had applied to Senator Sumner the worst of their wondrous epithets. He was now engaged in passing back a few of his own devising, each barbed with his quick, sure and curious genius for incomparable invective.

Now, as to Kansas — and the great voice rolled out to enthrall or inflame the most distant of his listeners — as to Kansas, sir, while the act opened the door of the new territory to slavery, it opened it also to emigrants from the North. And the North, said he, the North, stung by sense of outrage and inspired by a noble cause, was pouring into the debatable land and promised soon to establish a supremacy there.

On and on boomed the voice. Southern Senators writhed in their seats, and even Northern men were astonished, and a few alarmed, at the concentrated venom which Sumner poured forth upon the heads of all proponents of slavery. Then, as though he were God's district attorney, he summed up this Crime of Crimes and indicted the South, the President and all of his catchpolls on a charge of barbarism as horrifying as it was complete. In closing he took support from the classics to express his revulsion, and called upon the majestic Milton to show how this Crime of Crimes "ended foul in many

a scaly fold," while "a cry of hell-hounds never ceasing barked with wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung a hideous peal. . . ." Then the Senator from Massachusetts sat down.

Two days later the Free State settlement of Lawrence, Kan., was raided by a pro-slavery mob; houses and places of business were burned, the newspaper offices destroyed. Two days after the speech, too, Sumner himself was attacked, while seated writing at his desk, by a Southerner named Brooks, the traditional "Southern gentleman" who represented South Carolina in Congress. The defenseless Sumner was nearly beaten to death with a heavy cane. Though it was almost three years before he recovered, his words were being read all over the North, and in Kansas, inflaming everyone.

Mr. Sumner's speech had, of course, contained no little hyperbole — a custom of the time — as well as several untruths. It had also contained a great deal that was quite true and unpalatable to Southerners. But he had not exaggerated when he declared that the Northerners "were pouring into the debatable land." He could well have stressed that the source of the stream was New England, where the Yankees had been set in motion by as curious a private or-

ganization as ever had a hand in making history — the New England Emigrant Aid Company.

II

The New England Emigrant Aid Company first took form in the mind of a Massachusetts man, Eli Thayer, born in 1819, as a strictly business opportunity, a chance for astute Yankees to invest idle dollars and see them multiply, quickly and manifestly, in the new Territory of Kansas; and at the same time prevent the spread of slavery. It was a chance to serve both God and Mammon at one and the same time.

Thayer himself was a strange mixture of commercial and intellectual interests. After graduation from Brown, he had established a female seminary at Worcester; served in the General Court (legislature), where he attempted to reform the banking system; and had read and debated extensively in regard to settlement of the West. This had brought him to believe that the colonization of Northerners in the border states was the method by which slavery could be held within bounds and gradually exterminated. What is more, he thought that such colonizations would leave substantial profits for their promoters. The prolonged and hot debate over Kansas set Thayer to work.

In 1854 he organized the Massa-

chusetts Emigrant Aid Company (the name was later changed) and talked Amos Adams Lawrence, one of the whales of Yankee capital and industry, into becoming president. Then he added John Carter Brown of Providence and J. M. S. Williams of Cambridge, both wealthy men, to the company's letterhead; and he prevailed on the Reverend Edward Everett Hale, an orator with few peers, to sound the call. Thayer also engaged several paid agents, among them Dr. Charles Robinson and Samuel Clarke Pomeroy, both of whom were to become prominent in early Kansas history. Nor did Thayer overlook the Arts: he advised the Yankee press that the New England Emigrant Aid Company wanted a rousing poem on the subject of keeping Kansas Free-State, and had therefore instituted a prize contest, the winning poem to receive an award of \$50.

So fast did the company work that a party of 29, mostly from Massachusetts and Vermont, took off from Boston in mid-July of 1854. An advance agent had already selected a townsite, which was christened Lawrence for obvious financial reasons. The party arrived on August 1 and immediately got a taste of Kansas in summer. A copper sun was pouring down with intense ferocity, and all nature, said a member of the group,

shrank under its infliction. But the Free State citadel was being founded.

Back in New England a second party was getting ready, and John Greenleaf Whittier, his eyes and his pen smoldering, was writing *The Song of the Kansas Emigrants*:

We cross the prairie as of old
The Pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

Here was a crusade, the first since the days of '75. The daily and the religious press was stirred as never before. Preachers found their congregations hot for sermons about Kansas. Children declaimed Whittier's lines. The second party, numbering almost seventy, left Boston late in August, many of them carrying band instruments and rifles. A third group numbered 160. News came East that the town of Lawrence already had a hotel, two steam sawmills, and a paper, the *Herald of Freedom*. A school was open. Church services were being held on the Sabbath. In October a monster party of 230, many of them New Yorkers, was on the way. Time remained before winter for two smaller groups to go, and these were the founders of another Free-State town, which they named Topeka. When snow blanketed Kansas that fall, two settlements were firmly established; and there were scattered communities

of Yankees and people from York State, Ohio, and Pennsylvania.

The Northerners did not have Kansas to themselves. David R. Atchison of Missouri had heard them coming. He was a large and able politician who could and did swear and drink like a trooper, which indeed he was, being a major-general of militia. Now he turned his simple eloquence loose on western Missouri, to inform residents there that a gang of rich Yankees had raised \$5 million for the express purpose of transporting 20,000 paupers and criminals from the slums of Boston, fully armed, to Kansas, all costs paid. These yahoos, said General Atchison, were already pouring in by the thousand; and he now called upon all patriotic Missourians and others of the South to meet the Yankees, on the battleground of Kansas. He could not, he said, offer them millions of dollars, but he promised that two Missouri requisites — food and liquor — would be supplied in large quantities to all who should go and vote Kansas into the ranks of the South. Throughout the winter of 1854-55, hundreds of "Border Ruffians" moved into Kansas and established a town called Leecompton.

III

As the maples ran anew with sap in the spring of 1855, excitement in New England mounted to a higher

pitch than before. Eli Thayer and his agents had been busy for many months. On March 13, 182 people left Boston, while massed voices sang them the Emigrant Aid Company's prize winning poem, *The Call to Kansas*, by Miss Lucy Larcom. One month later the town of Manhattan was rising on the blooming prairie of Kansas. At intervals of about thirty days other parties left New England through the summer and fall, picking up hundreds of Kansas settlers on the way to the West. Among them, wholly unheralded, was a wagonload of five brothers, the sons of John Brown, who had nothing to do with the Emigrant Aid. They had started for Kansas at the call of their father, who said there was work to be done along the Osawatomie. Nobody sang Miss Larcom's song for John Brown, nor Whittier's. He needed neither, for his ears were filled with whisperings as mysterious as those from a conch shell, though Brown was certain they came from his God Jehovah. . . .

And on came more parties of the Aid company, while New England papers worried aloud that this movement might well leave the land of the Puritans and Pilgrims an uninhabited desert. Eli Thayer paid no heed. He had at last interested Horace Greeley and the great editor lent a hand in his New York *Tribune*; and he had interested a great divine, Henry W.

Beecher, who cried that every emigrant to the new territory should have a Bible in one hand, a Sharpe's breech-loading rifle in the other. So, on March 31, 1856, a group of men calling themselves the Beecher Bible & Rifle Colony paraded the streets of New Haven, while thousands cheered them. Within the month they were founding the town of Wabauunsee on a hilltop above the Kaw river in Kansas.

Incidentally, the Yankees were taking more than one of their pet notions to Kansas: one day in 1856 a group of a dozen women, led by Mrs. Helen Hutchinson, late of Randolph, Vt., attacked a liquor den in Lawrence, Kan., with hatchets, hammers, and vigor. They broke glass and bottle, and poured every drop of rum into the dust of the prairie — thus setting an early example for Carry Nation.

Then, on May 21, 1856, the territory erupted. A huge mob described as Border Ruffians fell on Lawrence, burned the hotel, destroyed the offices of the two newspapers, and burned a number of homes. This was two days after Senator Sumner's speech. In nearby Osawatomie, God's angry man, John Brown, knew that the time had come. The Voice had told him. With several of his sons and other men, they raided a pro-slavery settlement, killed six men in cold blood, and set barns afire. Revenge came

quickly, as the Ruffians put the town of Osawatomie to the torch, burned a grist mill at Franklin, and shot and killed several Free State settlers. Violence broke out elsewhere. The territory soon had two alleged governments, each of which outlawed the other.

Meanwhile, on came more parties of the Emigrant Aid Company. Eli Thayer discovered that the violence in Kansas brought a sudden increase in cash contributions. And men such as Lyman Beecher, Thomas Starr King, and Leonard Bacon were helping to organize Kansas Leagues in scores of Yankee towns and cities. Kansas might be bloody, but it should also be safe for Yankees. And so it turned out. In 1860 Kansas, still bloody, was admitted as a state in which slavery was prohibited. Aye, and twenty years later Rum was also banned. There could be little doubt that Puritan Yankees had had their way with Kansas.

IV

After 1857 the New England Emigrant Aid Company ceased to send any more organized parties. By then it was apparent that Kansas was to be Free Soil. The company had never paid the fare of emigrants, anyway. It simply stirred up the North with a desire to go, then acted as a travel agency by offering tickets at greatly

reduced fares. Perhaps its most effective contributions were the ten or more steam sawmills it sent to the Free Soil settlements. Its two hotels, in Kansas City and Lawrence, gave aid and comfort. By organized groups the company had sent no more than three thousand people, Yankees and others, to Kansas, though the attendant publicity probably induced three or four times as many to go to the debatable ground. During its entire life the company raised and spent approximately \$140,000. None of its stockholders made any profits. The record isn't clear, but it is likely that none of them even got any of his money back. And one is prepared to believe that none of them, with the exception of Eli Thayer, was disappointed by the lack of financial return. The company's agents, however, became prominent. The officers chosen to govern and represent Kansas included Governor Robinson, Senator Pomeroy, and Representative Conway, all formerly in the employ of the company.

Although not all writers on the subject are in agreement, one careful Kansas historian, Samuel A. Johnson, wrote that the Yankees brought to Kansas by the Aid Company, or inspired to come by it, exercised "an influence out of all proportion to their numbers," and even though he thought that Kansas might have be-

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come Free State in any case, "certainly it would not have developed the way it did, and would not be exactly the same today [1932]," had it not been for the Aid Company and its New England *émigrés*.

At the end of the Civil War the movement of Yankees was resumed. In later years William Allen White of Emporia was of the opinion that Yankees in Kansas had been a mixed blessing. They had, he said, set up there their own kind of commonwealth. They built towns, cities, and counties upon a belief in the moral government of the universe. They attempted to establish a sort of theocracy. For thirty years they dominated Kansas politics, making the state "a plutocracy with benevolent aspirations." In White's opinion, Kansas prohibition, a gift of the Yankees, kept many good European settlers out of the state. White admitted that Kansas did receive large colonies of

Mennonites, but they too believed in a moral government of their universe, and differed from the Puritan Yankees only because they spoke German.

"So," Mr. White summed up, in 1938, "we Kansans remain essentially New Englanders." As for Populism, the radical movement that took Kansas by storm in the 1890's, that, said Mr. White, was "merely a left-wing Puritanical revolt." Even in its revolution, Kansas had remained Yankee. Thus, if Mr. White assessed his native state correctly, the New England Emigrant Aid Company was a most effective and influential concern. It was also the climax of Founder Eli Thayer's career. His subsequent life was neither effective, nor brilliant. He served briefly as a treasury agent. He attempted to found a colony in Florida. He served as land agent for a railroad. He died in his eightieth year, bitter that his efforts to make Kansas free were not "properly recognized."

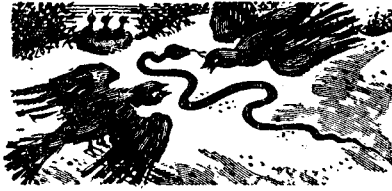
PHRASE ORIGINS—65

JEOPARDY: *This term harks back to the Old French jeu parti, meaning a "divided or even game"; i.e., one in which the outcome was in doubt — it was originally applied to chess. The sense shifted to a situation of uncertainty or indecision in any game or undertaking where the issue hung in the balance. The word has acquired increasingly lugubrious overtones, until today an enterprise that is "in jeopardy" is considered as having rather less than an even chance of success.*

LOUIS JAY HERMAN

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



CHIMNEY SWIFTS

TO ANYONE unfamiliar with the world of nature, a visit to the country can bring a great many alarms and dismays. There is no reassuring asphalt underfoot, smooth, solid, and kept clear by the Department of Sanitation. There is only the parental earth, by turns rocky, slippery, brier-tangled, miry and corrugated; and a walker has to keep an eye on it, not only for its treacheries as soil, but for such of its products and inhabitants as poison ivy, snakes, thistles and thorns.

In the country, water is not just something that comes out of a faucet. It comes out of a particular well or spring, which to a countryman is his most inestimably precious possession and has almost the status of his land's central focus and shrine. Toads and rabbits can fall into it and have to be fished out. It can go dry, which means ruin. It has to be used carefully and with thought. It is a thing talked

about, examined, considered, visited in anxiety.

As walking and water-supply become, in the country, very different from the eased and taken-for-granted affairs that they ordinarily are in the city, so does nearly every other act and aspect of living. In the country, existence has constantly to be met and faced on something like its primary and aboriginal terms. What is eaten for lunch is not just a politely processed dish of pork chops. It is pieces of familiar Old Ginger, the hog that a week ago was grunting contentedly in the barnyard. The milk does not arrive at our table all chilled, pasteurized, homogenized, and God-knows-what, with a super-sanitary seal on top of the bottle. Milk is something that we see streaming, warm, frothy, and unmistakably organic, from the crinkly teats of a big ruminant animal that gives off a mingled smell of meadow grass and manure. Death, in the country, has no be-

sating and be-ribboning, by sleek morticians, to pull its sting. It is to be heard unmistakably in hawk-screams and rabbit-squeals, to be seen undisguisedly where the carcass of skunk or fox is found putrefying in the field. A visit to the country, for the visitor reared in the life-blurring and life-evading conspiracy of concealments that is urban civilization, can be productive of a good deal of dismay and a good deal of frank terror.

The terror comes chiefly at night. In cities, of course, "night" is only a period shown by the clock. It does not really *descend*, in its colossal blackness. Street-lights fight it off; illuminated advertisements counteract it; the hum of traffic breaks its stillness, and few other sounds do. In the country, when night comes, it comes with all its antique mystery and power. The world is a black world. All the outline of the familiar is gone. The countryman is alone, in an il-limitable dark. The black silence, while it reigns, is absolute. And when it is broken, it is broken by such eerie cries, screams, hoots, whawps, snarls and agonized whimperings as may raise the hackles of the stoutest-hearted city visitor.

In vacation time, now, myriads of urbanites are briefly being country denizens. They are learning to be wary of poison ivy, and to pick up some rules of thumb for telling harm-

less milk snakes from venomous copperheads, and to control their nerves when the old country house emits (as all old country houses do) strange creakings and crackings and whispers in the middle of the night. This seems like a good month for having a look at the maker of one of the most alarming of all the sounds of the country darkness.

The *ooo-looo-loooo* of prowling coons may strike the city visitor as perturbing enough; the strident *wheep* of the big tree-frogs may be upsetting; the dusk-booming of a bittern ("the thunder-pumper") is on the unearthly side, for those not used to it. But what in the *world* can be this low, voluminous, thudding, beating sound — right in the house, apparently — that sets in just as dusk is turning to utter blackness? It is not so much a sound, really, as a sort of shuddering, like the shuddering in a church structure when the organ powerfully plays a note almost too low to be heard as sound. It is hard, if not impossible, to localize. It is as though the darkness were being beaten by great invisible wings. What shall be made of this?

The terrors of nature have a happy way of vanishing when we become familiar enough with them. True, nature has dangers and rigors in plenty. Venomous snakes are not myths, and the bite of a black widow spider is not to be laughed away as

trivial. But when the *uncanniness* is removed from nature, a host of phantoms fade. Not only a countryman, but a very jungle-man, can find the world of nature to be on the whole a pretty merry place. Stefansson finds the frozen northern wastes to be *The Friendly Arctic*. Carl Akeley, who once had to fight and kill a leopard with his bare hands, was able to entitle his book *In Brightest Africa*. His widow, writing her recent book about the equatorial Africa they both loved, has given it the title *Congo Eden*. Countrymen, nature-men, have a way of finding nature, so to speak, comradely, once the ghosts are exorcised.

So back, then, to our shuddering sound as night sets in. What makes it is a host of pleasant little birds, coming to roost for the night. They are chimney swifts, sometimes miscalled chimney swallows. Gray, long-winged, fast-flying little birds, they are to be seen skittering and disporting themselves in groups in the evening sky, where they are not readily distinguishable from bats. As they fly — scouring the air for insects — they keep up an almost incessant twittering. However long they may be watched, they are not likely to be seen to light; for the extraordinary fact is that they virtually never do, except when they swoop, as darkness descends, back into the chimney that is their resting and nesting place. It is when the flock

of them descends on beating wings into the chimney that the whole house is curiously filled with the thudding vibratory sound. The swifts have come home. They are as harmless as doves, and twice as interesting.

II

Once swifts nested in hollow trees. Audubon described how, 150 years ago, throngs of swifts congregated in the shells of huge, decay-hollowed sycamores, and he wrote vividly of the extraordinary sound of their beating wings inside the tree-trunks. With the spread of civilization, the chimneys of settlers' houses offered the swifts what must have seemed to the birds a wonderful new proliferation of hollow trees, straight, sturdy, and convenient to the insect hordes that teem above farmyards. The swifts quickly adopted these new "trees" of brick and stone. They have been inhabiting them ever since. Some thousands of the little birds undoubtedly perish every year from suffocation by smoke, or from tumbling down the chimney into the stove or fireplace; but these losses are more than offset by the fact that chimneys offer far better security against prowling enemies than hollow sycamores used to do. Chimney swifts are a thriving race, their erratic bat-flight a characteristic evening sight of the eastern summer dusks, the shuddering

vibration of their wings in the flue a nightly sound in thousands of country houses.

There are a number of odd things about swifts, in addition to their curious lodging-place and the eerie racket they raise there. Their shape is queer. The wings are long, narrow, and curved; and in flight a swift appears to have no tail. (Actually it has a short one.) Their flight is like no other bird's. It is extremely fast — there are no exact statistics on the speed of American swifts, but Indian swifts have been clocked at nearly 200 miles an hour — and it is also wildly erratic. Swifts fly for a few seconds with rapidly beating wings; then they glide, soar, dip, veer, and whirl in swooping circles. Even on their migration flights, they execute these exuberant aerial maneuvers. As mentioned earlier, they virtually never light. Swifts' feet are unadapted to perching on twigs. They must cling to vertical surfaces. At rest in a chimney, a swift hooks its claws into the sooty brick and mortar, props itself with its short, stiff tail, and can comfortably sleep in that position. But once the bird has darted from the mouth of the chimney, it takes no rest until it has swooped back inside again, a matter perhaps of several hours later. As a swift returns to its chimney, it commonly circles it half a dozen times in wide zooming swoops,

emitting all the while its tumultuous twittering, until it suddenly drops into the chimney-opening at such a breakneck hurtle that it appears to have been pulled in by suction. It is the bird's braking to a stop, after this dizzy plummeting, that probably accounts for much of the vibratory roar.

In parts of Asia, as we all learned with pop-eyed excitement in our youth, there is eaten a delicacy called "bird's nest soup." The bird's nest used to make it is the nest of an Asiatic swift, and it is fashioned of the bird's gluey salivary secretion. Our own swifts similarly secrete a gummy spittle with which they fasten together, and secure to the chimney-wall, their rather frail semi-circular nests of twigs. In spring, the swifts' salivary glands become swollen and distended. After nest-building the swelling subsides, and the swifts are left with capacious cheek-pockets in which to gather and store small insects on their long aerial foragings for the fledglings.

It is scarcely surprising that a bird so curious, crepuscular, bat-like, and difficult to study at close range, should be the subject of numerous myths. Two notions are particularly widespread. It is supposed that a swift's erratic flight is caused by its beating its wings alternately. This "fact," indeed, was respectable among

ornithologists until quite recently. Modern high-speed cameras have established finally the nonsense of it. Second, it is supposed that swifts harbor bedbugs, and bring infestation of these creatures to a house. This is an ungenerous, if somehow pathetic, attempt to foist responsibility. The bedbug, immemorial companion of human squalor, is ours alone.

Every countryman and naturalist who has had long familiarity with chimney swifts is forced to the view that they have a true and exceptional playfulness about them. Almost all birds and mammals exuberate, of course, after their fashion. They find it good to be alive, under the hot sun or the cold moon. But in some

species the delight in life bursts out especially, as in otters frolicking on their mud-slides or cottontails playing a zany leap-rabbit. Chimney swifts belong to this company. Their aerial gymnastics are not for any reason that ornithology can discover. Not for any reason, that is, but the best of reasons: being alive is a pretty stupendous adventure. In a sweet midsummer dusk, it calls for some cavorting.

That is the story of the sinister shuddering sound that is heard in a country house as the gloaming turns to blackness. It is not demons, nor ghosts, nor the Power darkly unspeakable. It is some little birds coming home. They have been out gathering their supper, and having fun.

AT RAPIER POINT

BY MARGUERITE JANVRIN ADAMS

I camouflage myself with words,
words that I have no knowledge of,
excepting that they are two-thirds
resourceful, and the rest is love.

You camouflage with secret eyes,
a Mona Lisa smile, a brow
unruffled, and you are more wise
than I, who trouble you somehow.

At rapier point we turn and twist,
parry and thrust, at last discover
with falcon hooded on the wrist
each might have been the perfect lover.

LOUIS BUDENZ MEETS THE PRESS

The testimony of Louis Budenz before a Senate sub-committee regarding Owen Lattimore was front page news. Mr. Budenz, formerly one of the editors of the Communist Daily Worker, is easily one of the best informed people in the United States about Communist tactics and ideology. He recently appeared on an NBC telecast of Meet the Press, and discussed Communist activities here and abroad in some detail. His remarks are here reprinted, slightly cut.

THE participants in the telecast, aside from Mr. Budenz, were May Craig of the Portland (Me.) Press-Herald, Doris Fleeson of the Bell Syndicate, Warren Francis of the Los Angeles Times, and Lawrence Spivak of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Martha Rountree, producer of Meet the Press, presided.

CRAIG: Mr. Budenz, Senator McCarthy said on another Meet the Press program that you had proved his case against Professor Lattimore. Do you think you did?

BUDENZ: I do not wish to comment on that. I regret very much that I have a great difficulty in the fact that I'm under subpoena at the present moment and until I'm released from subpoena I shall not be privileged to discuss such questions. My position is strictly a non-partisan position. I am merely a lay figure brought into the situation by virtue of subpoena.

CRAIG: Then may I ask this question. Did you not say to the committee that of your own knowledge you could not say that Professor Lattimore was a Communist agent?

BUDENZ: That leads into a very peculiar situation, Mrs. Craig. If I were to go into this thing, I would have to deal with something which would involve the possibility of libel action. The Communists a long time ago, while I was still a member of the Communist Party, decided that they would have concealed Communists engage in libel action against anyone who accused them of being Communists directly or indirectly. This was not for the purpose of winning the libel action, as Mr. Trachtenberg said, but for the purpose of bleeding white those who would make these accusations.

SPIVAK: Mr. Budenz, was there ever a case in which Jack Stachel and Earl Browder told you to regard

someone as a Communist, when they proved not to know what they were talking about?

BUDENZ: Never in my whole history.

We must understand that the Communist Party is an army, that the Communist Party relies upon the accuracy of its instructions to its agents, particularly those who are in positions where they must give information to other Communists, such as the editor of the *Daily Worker* was.

SPIVAK: Was it part of their job to know who the top Communists were, and was it any part of your job to know?

BUDENZ: It was emphatically their job to advise me and my job to know. I carried around with me the names of 1000 Communists in my head. I was not permitted to put these on paper. But all the variations in their loyalty to the party were reported to me by the liaison officer of the political bureau as we called it, the political bureau to the *Daily Worker*.

SPIVAK: May I ask you one other question on China. Did you play any part in mapping out the campaign that the Communist Party started here to undermine nationalist China?

BUDENZ: Yes sir. I cannot go into detail in regard to the matter today, but as a matter of fact I was

called into many conferences on this question. The main part that I was to aid in was this whole question which we were given as our assignment; namely, to represent the Chinese Communists as agrarian reformers. Incidentally, this was the chief assignment of the American Party. That is to say, the chief assignment given to the American party was to win a Red China and a Red Poland by American acquiescence therein.

SPIVAK: Was Frederick Vanderbilt Field in on that job too with you?

BUDENZ: Mr. Field was emphatically in on that job with me, yes sir.

FLEESON: Mr. Budenz, you asked us to believe that we must believe everything that Stachel and Browder and these other characters said, because Communists never lie to each other. The general public's best look at Communists came in that very exhaustive trial before Judge Medina where eleven of certainly the worst riffraff, the most unstable, neurotic, unspeakable people were paraded in all their naked ugliness before our eyes. Do you think that everything those people said about anything relating to the Communist Party must be accepted as always being true?

BUDENZ: Of course, I know much about that trial. I was ten days on

the stand there, and should be something of an authority. The Communist lies under the Leninist theory of morality which Lenin has written down in black and white so that it can be consulted. He lies to those outside the fold. He lies for the cause. But within the party, the army is built on accuracy of instructions. On the witness stand facing a capitalist court, as they would put it, they are privileged under their Leninist morality to lie or deceive as the circumstances warrant.

FLEESON: I don't dispute the theory, Mr. Budenz. I asked you if that type of person is capable of that sustained fidelity and that mental straightness.

BUDENZ: Oh yes, that's why he's so effective. As a matter of fact, people meeting Communists find them in their everyday life to be very truthful. Then when they come to political discussions and they deceive them, they're amazed. The point of the matter is that the Communists have been very successful in deceiving other people. Now, I'm not referring particularly to Stachel, who of course was an open Communist. But you must understand that the Communist Party is a disciplined organization which as an army must report to itself accurately its

own strength, its own particular integrity and the like. When it meets the outside world, as Lenin has instructed it, then it resorts to deceit if that is necessary, but only when it is necessary.

FLEESON: I shouldn't think you could discipline characters of that kind. But another more important question, it seems to me, is brought up by your stressing, as you did at the hearing, that you don't want to say certain things because Communists have instructions to bring libel action. It's conceivable that some people who are called Communists, are innocent. If they sue, that will work against them, and if they don't sue, of course everybody will say it must be true.

BUDENZ: Well, you see I don't ask the public at all at any time to take my evidence in itself. I ask that they look at the record of those about whom I testify and compare it with what I say. As a matter of fact, the records of these people are available for public scrutiny and it's to the record that I also point.

FRANCIS: Mr. Budenz, since your appearance before the committee a couple of days ago, I have heard a lot of people say that all you did was reiterate beliefs and hearsay. Now, in the Alger Hiss case, Whitaker Chambers did come up with

some pumpkin papers. Have you got any pumpkin papers, and when are you going to produce them?

BUDENZ: Well sir, I have told under subpoena only what I know to be the truth. And that's all I can do for the American public. Necessarily you must understand I am not the prosecutor in this case. I repeat — I am a lay figure who has told what he knows. I do say let us look at the record, let us look at the other circumstances including the *Amerasia* case, and I believe we will see that there's something to be said along the line of an investigation. Now, of course, as long as I'm under subpoena, I cannot develop this as fully as I would like. That is not an attempt to evade or to skirt around the matter.

FRANCIS: You brought in the *Amerasia* case, and it hasn't been gone into yet by the committee. At the time of the *Amerasia* case, were you a member of the Communist Party?

BUDENZ: Yes sir, I was indeed.

FRANCIS: And you described your consternation at the time of the raid?

BUDENZ: That is correct.

FRANCIS: Can you say this: Were there other individuals that should have been grabbed aside from the six persons who were arrested?

BUDENZ: That I can't say at the moment. I can say that there were others involved in the matter besides the six that were arrested.

FRANCIS: Can you give any estimation as to why only three were indicted and one of those indictments was *not-prossed*, from your knowledge?

BUDENZ: That I think will come out in an investigation which I certainly call upon America to welcome, an investigation which I think will show why this happened. As a matter of fact, I am not in a position to discuss that very thoroughly on this sort of a program. But I do think that an investigation will disclose why this occurred.

CRAIG: Mr. Budenz, do you believe that our government services are infested with Communists?

BUDENZ: Well, I wouldn't put it that way. I know that the Communists have had a program of infiltration. I know that the Communists on occasion have been very successful in that infiltration. Mr. Alger Hiss is a striking example. Mr. Hiss was of more value to the Communists than a hundred thousand Americans could be, I mean in the Communist Party. But I would not become panicky or hysterical. There is one thing I would say, however, if I may, and that is, Mrs. Craig, that we do not understand

the methods of the Communists yet. The Communists count their strength not on their numbers but on the discipline of their membership and the positions which those memberships obtain. That is, the key posts they win.

CRAIG: Mr. Budenz, do you believe our officials are honestly trying to get them out? If you do not think so, do you think they're stupid or do you think there's something the matter with our technique and our general procedure in the loyalty program?

BUDENZ: I have not reflected upon our officials at any time in regard to their honesty of purpose, and as a matter of fact I think there have been efforts to get them out. It does seem to me, however, that we have to have another test, not just a card-carrying Communist test. We have to have a test on a man's record. We have to have a test on a man's gullibility. Do we want to have people in the public service who can confess that they're gullible? That is the point, you see.

CRAIG: You knew that Senator McCarthy had accused the loyalty boards of being stupid and incompetent?

BUDENZ: Senator McCarthy and I do not always see eye to eye.

CRAIG: I am asking you on this point whether you do see eye to eye.

BUDENZ: I do not think that I am privileged to pass upon the loyalty boards. I am not familiar enough with their activity. The one thing I will say is this, that I believe that a new rule should be adopted on the question of governmental service — the government of the U. S. deserves the best service it can get. Therefore, the question should not be to prove that a man is a card-carrying Communist necessarily — as a matter of fact, you won't be able to prove it. In most cases, since the Hitler-Stalin Pact, they are forbidden to carry cards. However, I think the question should be raised more definitely — is it a good security risk to have a man who is gullible, or whose record is such that he has been constantly deceived by the Communists, not to prove always that he is a disciplined Communist?

CRAIG: Did you know Mr. Hiss when you were in the Communist Party, Mr. Budenz?

BUDENZ: I have testified on that. I said that I did know Mr. Hiss as a member of the Communist Party.

SPIVAK: Mr. Budenz, on March 19 of last year you wrote in *Collier's*, and I quote: "In my ten years as a Communist editor, no other indoctrination program was more important than that on China." Now if you knew, as you said you

did, that Mr. Lattimore had great influence in the sell-out of China and you knew the importance of China, why did you wait until 1950 to identify Mr. Lattimore?

BUDENZ: The reason is very obvious. I have many other men whom I can identify, as a matter of fact, but I have only been working with the FBI primarily, or I might say intensely, on those cases where prosecution is involved. Let us take the trial of the eleven Communists. I can say, without wishing to appear to have been using more than the time that I should have used, that I gave almost every holiday, my Christmas holiday, everything else to Judge McGohey and his staff. This takes time. In addition to that, I wish to be accurate on all my declarations. These things have to be carefully checked. You will note that I did mention the activity of Mr. Lattimore in this respect, in the *Collier's* article which I first submitted. I was rebuffed, and because of my rebuff I thought that the public mind was not ready for such statements.

SPIVAK: Mr. Budenz, you are going before the committee again in executive session on Tuesday and I believe you said for the public print that you have the names of some four hundred other Communists.

Are you going to give the names of any other Communists before that committee?

BUDENZ: If the committee asks me for them I shall give them. I think I'm privileged to say that I'm going to give the names of at least twenty Communists who wrote for the *Pacific Affairs* when Mr. Lattimore was editor. That I shall give. As to what other information the committee may desire, I shall have to wait until they ask me about it.

SPIVAK: May I ask one more question? Have you already given the committee the names of those people in the Communist Party who are in important positions today, in strategic positions in our government, and who might continue to do great damage, or do you still have names of that kind to give?

BUDENZ: That's a sort of peculiar question because it does involve security reasons in one way. I would say that I can name a few people, yes sir.

FLEESON: Mr. Budenz, you concede that it's quite possible for people not to be for Chiang Kai-shek and the Nationalist Government, and not to be Communists, don't you?

BUDENZ: Oh yes.

FLEESON: It seems to me there is a great tendency to lump everybody against Chiang as being part of the actual Communist conspiracy.

BUDENZ: Yes, but of course I do know that Stalin counts upon China as one of the great agencies for world conquest, particularly the conquest of the U. S. I do not say that everyone who is critical of Chiang Kai-shek is certainly a Communist, and I don't say that everyone who is critical of the Turkish government, or the Greek government, or Viet Nam or these other governments, is necessarily a Communist. No I do not. However, I might point out here that Stalin has set down the fact that he means to conquer the entire world. This is constant propaganda coming into the U. S.

FLEESON: Is this the paper? Shall we show it to the audience so they can see it?

BUDENZ: This is the Cominform's publication. Long live the leader of the working people of the world, Josef Vissarionovich Stalin. This is only one of many such documents I could bring before you, urging the idea of world conquest. In that world conquest Stalin has repeatedly said in other documents that the Chinese are one of the main elements that he is going to use in that pursuit.

FLEESON: Are you intending to say then sir, that we must be for Chiang if we are going to fight against Communism in China?

BUDENZ: I think there's no other alternative. I think that otherwise we have a Munich in the Pacific.

CRAIG: Mr. Budenz, during the progress of the testimony, there was a transcript brought in of a conversation you had with an editor of *Collier's* called Paris. At the end of that he asked you if you were claiming, in his presence, that Mr. Lattimore was a Communist agent, and you said no. How do you explain that?

BUDENZ: I did explain to the committee very well that there were peculiar phrases in Mr. Paris' inquiry which led me to defend myself against possible libel on that question.

CRAIG: Could you not have answered something beside a direct no, which was in conflict with the rest of your testimony?

BUDENZ: I probably should have or could have, yes indeed, but I was being pressed very strongly. You will note, however, that this document as a whole does confirm my knowledge of Mr. Lattimore's extreme activity in this situation. But at a particular moment in that inquiry, I did recall an incident and an event — I can only explain it vaguely at the present moment — which led me to interpret this peculiar questioning to be an effort to put me on the spot, under

what I understand to be the Communist policy on libel suits.

FRANCIS: Mr. Budenz, I'd like to get back to this matter of names. You recall that about three years ago there was a House Un-American Activities Committee investigation into alleged Communist infiltration in Hollywood. You said the other day before the Senate Committee that your list of names would contain the names of individuals who are propagandizing for Communist philosophies in motion pictures and radio. Can you tell us why you didn't come forward with some of that material at the time when there was a forum to lay it out?

BUDENZ: Well, the committee on un-American activities did not subpoena me at that time. In addition to that, I would like to say, Mr. Francis, that the position of an ex-Communist is a very peculiar one. There is no man who has given more time to the people of the U. S. — and I am saying that's only my duty — than I. I have been in the Santo case, and he has now disappeared. I was then attacked by Mr. Eisler in the most foul and vitriolic language, and then Mr. Eisler ran to Germany and became the head of the attack upon the U. S. in Germany, which may yet lose us West Germany, though I hope to God

that it doesn't. I was in the Peters case, and he has had to admit the correctness of my statements by departing from this country. I was in the Cristoffel case on two occasions. I have been giving more time to this than I can possibly manage. As a matter of fact, I did write to Mr. Thomas a long time ago and told him I had information on this question. But at that time he did not seem to be interested in the matter.

FRANCIS: That's what I was getting at. Now, that committee never did prove a great deal. It did get some contempt indictments. Do you think that that subject now should be thoroughly investigated all over again? Is that the implication of your remarks?

BUDENZ: I think there should be investigations in many fields. Of course you understand, Mr. Francis, I do hesitate to suggest that because it just means dragging myself into the public eye again and it means that I cease to teach at Fordham half the time, and many other things of that character. I think that an investigation should be conducted not in a sensational manner, but in a realistic manner, not to get headlines particularly, but in order to get what are the facts.

FRANCIS: You said there was a very

substantial category there, meaning Hollywood, that is constantly working to spread Communist propaganda.

BUDENZ: That is correct. And I've given all those names to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. That's one part of the list that I have completed.

SPIVAK: Mr. Budenz, did you know Bella Dodd, who has said she never knew Lattimore when she was in the party?

BUDENZ: Yes, I knew Dr. Dodd.

SPIVAK: Was she in a position to know all the Communists who were in the party and all the fellow travelers?

BUDENZ: She was not. Dr. Dodd, it is true, for a time was on the national committee. Of course, I don't know what happened when I left the Communist Party. But up to 1945 she was not in a position to know.

SPIVAK: Why was it that you, who were just an editor, were in a position to know so many more names, for example, than someone like Bella Dodd who was a member of the committee?

BUDENZ: For two reasons. First of all, the editor of the *Daily Worker* must know these names. He cannot edit the paper intelligently without knowing these names. You are required to know them as a part of

your responsibilities. In addition to that, almost every hour you're in touch with this ninth floor on the phone. Then there's a special liaison officer sent down to you, who in the latter part of my editorship was Jack Stachel. Every bit of copy, except certain special copy, comes to the managing editor for review. His head is at stake in each one of these, both as to the line and also as to the names of those included in the discussion.

SPIVAK: Did you know Judith Coplon and Harry Bridges as Communists when you were there?

BUDENZ: I did not know Miss Coplon, no. I knew Harry Bridges, however, and knew that he was Rossi, a member of the national committee of the Communist Party. I was, by the way, because of that knowledge, to have been subpoenaed in the Bridges case, but as I stated in a public declaration, my appeal to the Department of Justice, to give me at least a respite from these trials, led them not to call me. They thought they had enough witnesses without me, which proved to be the case.

CRAIG: Mr. Budenz, are you for the Mundt-Ferguson Bill, which was for the registration of Communists?

BUDENZ: I haven't examined it carefully enough to specify. But I am for a bill which would recognize

that the Communists are foreign agents and strengthen our foreign agent law to make them register.

CRAIG: You do not think it would drive them underground in a bad fashion?

BUDENZ: 98 per cent of the Communist Party are underground today. Look at the difficulty we have finding out who is or is not a Communist. And when you go still further, you're going to find it more difficult. If I could just relate how underground they are, it would be most amazing. However, I can say just in a shorthand way that 98 per cent of the Communist Party are underground.

SPIVAK: Mr. Budenz, when you were in the party, you knew, more or less, their schedule. After China, where are the Communists likely to strike next in your judgment?

BUDENZ: I'm glad you asked that question although I didn't quite anticipate it, but I'm glad you asked it, because today they are

preparing to soften us up on the Philippines. As a matter of fact, in order to do that, Abraham Chapman, a very important Communist, also known as John Arnold, is preparing a book — which is the way the Communists begin to give the Communists themselves instruction. They are going to represent all revolts in the Philippines as democratic insurrections; first, against a very reactionary corrupt régime in the Philippines — every régime which is not Communist will be called reactionary and corrupt; and second, they will try to show that it is being fostered and supported by American imperialism. And by the way, in 1934, the Communist Parties of the Philippines, China, Japan, and the U. S., came to an agreement to drive the U. S. out of the Pacific. It was printed in the *Daily Worker* as early as 1934.

ROUNTREE: I'm sorry to break this up, Mr. Budenz, but our time is up.



ATTEMPTS TO SWINDLE THE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES

BY JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

ALL life insurance companies are subjected to incessant attempts to defraud them by those who seem to think it is an easy way to obtain money. Actually, it is doubtful if a crook could choose a harder and less profitable field in which to operate. Yet the bait of comparatively large sums of money tempts many men and women, particularly when they are in financial trouble, into acts so bizarre and atrocities so savage and unreal as to seem like madmen's dreams. Some of these crimes are especially difficult to understand in connection with the previous reputation and even the actual character of the guilty one.

Had Elbert Kandell, for instance, been lined up with a hundred other leading citizens of his community, he probably would have been the last one selected as likely to commit a crime. He was mild in manner, rather undersized, kindly and gracious in his contacts with others and

with the reputation of being somewhat henpecked. He had an apparently good retail shoe business, and he seemed to be a man of impeccable habits.

But Mr. Kandell's business was not good, nor were his habits impeccable. He had been slipping further and further into debt, due largely to the gold-digging habits of a woman of whom he was secretly enamored.

Certain nebulous ideas had impelled him, despite the monetary strain, to keep up several large life insurance policies on his wife, of which he was the beneficiary. As he became more entangled with the other woman, he needed more and more money, and the nebulous ideas assumed a definite form. Finally he decided to act.

One night, about six months later, when Kandell arrived home after a buying trip to Boston, he rushed out into the street looking for a police-

JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN was formerly Deputy Commissioner of Correction in New York City. His last contribution to the MERCURY, on criminal alibis, appeared in April.

man to whom he could report the terrible tragedy which had occurred during his absence. The police found his wife dead on the living room floor with a bullet through her heart. A hole in the head of a man lying nearby, a family friend named Tim Carstairs, showed that he too had gone the leaden route to eternity. The powder stains around the hole, indicating that the gun had been held against his head, and the weapon lying nearby, seemed to tell a story of murder and suicide.

The husband reluctantly admitted, when pressed by the officers, that he had become suspicious that Carstairs was getting too fond of his wife. His statements, as well as those of neighbors, established the fact that the bachelor had gone into Kandell's home on several occasions while the husband was away on business trips, and the police were convinced that Carstairs had tried to take advantage of his friend's absence by attempting to make love to his wife—that he had shot her and then committed suicide when his advances were repelled.

But an insurance investigator—one of the most skeptical type of men on earth—didn't agree with the assumptions of the police. He noticed that the lethal weapon had fallen several feet from Carstairs' body, that there were bloodstains

on the butt of it, but none whatever on the barrel, although it would obviously have been placed directly against the victim's head had it been suicide. Slowly he began to see that the gun had been held by someone else, who had got blood on his hands during the course of what now looked like a double murder, and had transferred some of it to the gun butt. He questioned and re-questioned Kandell, caught him in one or two discrepancies, gradually enlarged these opening wedges and finally obtained a confession.

Accustomed as he was to weird insurance plots, the investigator found the admissions made by Kandell the most astounding to which he had ever listened. Six months before, when the shoe merchant decided to do away with his wife, he began dropping into a certain high-class café during the lunch and cocktail hour. Although not a drinking man, the schemer knew that strangers who meet frequently at the same bar become congenial and talkative. He had no trouble scraping up an acquaintance with a man whom he thought looked "likely." He was sure his choice was a good one when he found out the man was a bachelor, and inclined to be what is euphemistically known as "sporty." It didn't take long to change his bar companion—Tim Carstairs—from

an acquaintance into a friend, and to invite him to his house for dinner.

Carstairs found both Kandell and his wife, Myra, agreeable companions. He came frequently to the house, and accompanied the Kandells to theatres and night clubs. At the latter places Kandell would make excuses to absent himself from the table for long periods of time, so that his wife would be seen alone with his new-found friend. And then, when he went out of town on buying trips, he asked Carstairs, as a special favor to him, to take his wife out occasionally. The bachelor readily agreed.

When he had the stage properly set, when he knew that he could get witnesses to testify that they had seen Carstairs and his wife at night clubs and had witnessed him entering the husband's home during his absence, Kandell returned from a trip a day earlier than he had told his wife, on a night when he knew his "friend" was taking her out to a late dinner. He let himself softly into the house and went noiselessly to the living room, where he heard them talking. Before the astounded couple knew what was happening, he placed the gun against the side of Carstairs' head and sent a bullet into his brain, whipping the weapon away before the spurting blood could touch it, and then putting a slug into his wife's heart. It was in arranging the bodies

to give the appearance of murder and suicide that he had got blood on his hands and on the butt of the gun.

But he also had failed to realize that if a suicide placed the gun in direct contact with his body (as gun suicides almost invariably do) there would have been blood on the barrel as well. That single mistake was all the insurance sleuth needed to detect the flaw in the carefully-cooked-up plot which doomed an innocent man and an equally innocent woman. Sentenced to prison for life, Kandell had plenty of leisure to reflect on how imperfect "perfect" crimes usually are.

II

Sometimes, however, a life insurance fraud will succeed — for a time. One such crime was perpetrated by three men — Joseph O'Connor (the one who "played dead"), George Mayer and Dr. Richard Tunney. Their idea for collecting the \$15,000 for which O'Connor was insured was as meticulously worked out as a plan of battle. It had its inception when O'Connor began to complain to his acquaintances that he was not feeling well; his "illness" consisted of "continual headaches and stomach upsets, accompanied by hot flushes and general lassitude."

Finally O'Connor took to his bed. He refused at first to send for a

physician, but when the other boarders in the house insisted, he called in the second member of the tricky triumvirate, Dr. Tunney. The latter, a fairly successful physician with an established reputation, "diagnosed" the illness as typhoid fever. He told the roomers who inquired about their fellow-boarder that O'Connor was a very sick man, and that he had doubts of his recovery.

The physician called two and three times a day, sending sympathetic roomers out to get medicines, ice packs and other things used in the treatment of typhoid. He shook his head with the usual medical gravity when anyone asked how the sick man was getting along. His gravity was justified. O'Connor "passed away quietly" — passed, on his own steam, down the steps and out of the house about three o'clock one morning when everyone was asleep. At the same time a really dead man of about the same size and weight as O'Connor was provided by Mayer, the third party in the plot, and was taken to a funeral parlor for burial. The physician informed the boarders the following day that O'Connor had died about midnight, and that he had ordered the body removed immediately, since he did not want to keep a possible source of contagion in the house any longer than necessary.

The burial went off without inci-

dent, and without any suspicion on the part of the insurance company. The claim for \$15,000 was presented, and the insurance company sent checks to Mayer and Dr. Tunney, \$7500 to each — of which, according to agreement, each turned over \$2500 to the "dead" O'Connor, thus making it a fair and even divvy.

Everything looked rosy, as it so often does in swindling cases before somebody swings an axe from an unexpected source. In this case, the wielder of that implement was Ralph O'Connor, the brother of Joseph, who became suspicious of the latter's death when he learned that the heirs were friends of Joseph, as the will recited, instead of members of his family. The curious part, however, was that he suspected that his brother had been induced to make a will in favor of two comparative strangers while his resistance was at a low ebb on his death-bed, and that his death might even have been deliberately hastened by those who would profit by it.

He communicated with the insurance company. Their investigators procured a court order permitting them to exhume the body. It was not Joseph's body at all, but someone whom the flabbergasted Ralph didn't even recognize. For the first time he realized that his brother might be a party to an insurance fraud. But it

was too late to withdraw now. Confident that Joseph was still alive, the investigators had picked up the trail again. They located him in a hotel in New York, enjoying the five "grand" windfall. He didn't enjoy it for very long thereafter.

While there have been countless attempts in the United States to swindle insurance companies by fake deaths, perhaps the most curious example of such a fraud took place in Germany. In a small German village there lived a man, Fritz Schiller, who had the extraordinary ability to induce in himself a state similar to catalepsy. He could make his body as rigid as a corpse, and even the blood would recede from the surface, giving him the pallor of death.

This human freak attracted considerable local attention, and news of the phenomenon soon reached the ears of scientists in Berlin. Many of them came to examine him, convinced beforehand that it was some kind of a trick which they could easily expose. But they all agreed to its authenticity after thorough investigations, and none of them was able to explain it.

Their perplexity gave Schiller an idea—he could take advantage of his unique ability in order to swindle a life insurance company. He immediately moved to a town in Austria where he was unknown, but in his

new home he fell in with some disreputable characters and got into frequent trouble with the law, which postponed his plan for several years. He had carefully refrained, however, from telling his new neighbors about the unusual natural endowment which had attracted so much attention in his former home.

Finally, when he was ready for the great deception, he insured his life heavily. A few months later his neighbors heard that he was confined to his bed with a mysterious illness, which his doctor seemed unable to diagnose. The "suffering" man called in two or three more physicians, all of whom were equally bewildered. Then Schiller "died." The doctor gave the usual certificate, and the neighbors, actuated either by sympathy or curiosity, came to view the "remains" in the coffin. But early in the morning, after everyone had gone, the "remains" indulged in some lively doings in the undertaking establishment.

Dead men are not supposed to have any curiosity. But this particular cadaver had an ungovernable itch to attend his own funeral service as a spectator, which just isn't the usual procedure. So he shaved off his luxuriant crop of whiskers and his turned-up "Kaiser Wilhelm" mustache, dyed his hair, tinted the skin on his hands and face and went into

the little parlor to mourn for the "deceased."

Never was the expression "Listeners never hear anything good of themselves" more thoroughly confirmed. For the minister, a forthright man, scorned hypocrisy and pretense; he boldly announced that he would be only too glad to speak well of the departed brother if it were possible, but everyone knew him for a rogue and a scoundrel, and the best he could do was to hope that the Lord would be merciful and overlook at least some of his transgressions.

It was quite an ordeal for the "dead" man to go through, since he could hardly defend himself from the onslaught. There were social conventions concerning the conduct of corpses which just had to be observed. But the coffin was finally conveyed to the cemetery, and after a short service at the side of the grave, the comparatively few mourners left.

The grave-diggers had started to lower the casket into the earth when the corpse began to rattle. Years of gruesome experience had obliterated all superstition, but a rattling corpse was something new to them. It was also new to the cemetery superintendent, who bravely ordered the coffin opened.

The transformation was extraordinary. Instead of turning to dust, as

well-behaved cadavers do, this one had disintegrated in a remarkably short time into a mass of dirt and heavy stones. The insurance sleuths later found Schiller in a distant town, waiting for his wife to collect his insurance before he left for another part of the world.

III

Practically all insurance policies contain clauses which render them void if the insured commits suicide. Some hold good only for six months or a year, while others are permanent. The reason for the clause, of course, is to prevent a man who intends to kill himself from taking out a policy to provide for his heirs at the insurance company's expense. There has been much scheming and maneuvering in connection with such anti-suicide provisions, however. A particularly bizarre case concerns a wealthy man named Arnold, who was "picked clean" when he got into the clutches of some gamblers.

He had signed IOU's in their favor for close to \$100,000, the amount he had gambled away beyond his means. His creditors agreed to wait until he was able to pay, but to protect themselves they insisted that he insure his life in their favor for the amount he owed. He agreed to this, and since he was in excellent health, he obtained a policy without any trouble. But he

soon learned that the men with whom he had gambled had played with marked cards. When he told them he didn't intend to pay the debt, they threatened his life and became more pressing in their demands for a quick settlement.

But the more insistent they became, the more fixed became his determination to see that they got nothing, even if it cost him his life. That's just what it did. He read his policy over and then committed suicide, practically decapitating himself with a sawed-off shotgun. The jubilant beneficiaries put in their claim to the insurance company, but the company replied that a clause in the policy specified that it would "become null and void in the event the insured dies by his own hand." They also possessed a letter from Arnold, in which he told them he intended to kill himself, and asked that the suicide clause be invoked so that his gambling creditors would get nothing. Arnold had gone one better than the mythical man who "cut off his nose to spite his face." He shot off his head to spite his creditors.

Another man, named Barron, who had also lost his money gambling, took an opposite tack from Arnold. He decided to kill himself, but to fool the insurance company into believing

he died a natural death, thus cheating the anti-suicide clause.

He changed his habits completely, deserting his old haunts and friends, disappearing early each morning and returning to his wife and children late each night. His friends noticed that his health was failing. Gradually, he lost weight, became thin, white-faced and weak; after about six months he took to his bed, and in a few weeks more, he passed away. The diagnosis of the physician was general debility brought on by unknown causes.

The local insurance agent suggested to his company that they investigate the sudden change in Barron's habits of living. It was quickly discovered that he had rented a small room in a squalid, poverty-stricken section of town. In the bureau drawers the investigators came across numerous cigars and cigarettes, which, upon analysis, were found to be saturated with a chemical—the fumes of which would gradually destroy a man's respiratory organs.

Barron had spent the time during his absences from home smoking these lethal "weeds," inhaling the smoke, which gradually ate away his lungs, until he collapsed completely. He endured terrible agony during his inch-by-inch suicide, but his courageous efforts to provide for his family after his death were fruitless. The

insurance company won the suit which his wife had instituted for the recovery of the amount of the policy.

IV

Those on the distaff side are equally fertile in ideas designed to gyp a life insurance company. A good example is the classic case of the Stephenson sisters, one of whom nearly succeeded in getting away with \$15,000 on a policy placed on her own life.

She had no trouble getting it. After being examined by three physicians, "Adelaide" Stephenson was pronounced in first-class health. Ten months later the insurance company was shocked to learn that she had died of tuberculosis. The other sister, Jennie, submitted proof of her death, which included the declaration of the doctor who had attended her in her last illness, as well as that of the local medical examiner.

The medicos of the insurance company knew, of course, about "galloping consumption." But they never knew it to gallop with such excessive speed. The applicant's lungs had been thoroughly tested when the policy was issued, and had been found entirely sound. Thus, when the company received notice of her demise, the two physicians who had previously examined her called at the house of death. There in the coffin lay the remains of the healthy woman

they had checked so thoroughly just a few short months before. The mourning sister, heavily veiled, answered their questions. They departed, convinced there was no fraud.

But the investigators of the company, with their usual skepticism, nosed around the neighborhood in which the dead woman had lived, and asked a few questions of those willing and eager gossips, male and female, who flourish like the green bay tree in every community. A few days after the funeral they informed Jennie that she was under arrest for fraud. She was more than glad to release the company from any claim when the sleuths told her they knew that she and Adelaide were twins, that she, Jennie, had applied for the policy in the name of Adelaide, who was dying of tuberculosis, that she had made herself the beneficiary, and, as Adelaide, had been examined by the three physicians.

There have been countless instances in which a body resembling a policyholder in size and weight has been placed in a building before it was set afire, while the true "corpse" disappeared to await the settlement, and then to divvy with his beneficiary. To make certain these "bodies" will be completely destroyed, beyond all possible identification, would-be insurance swindlers will often start a

fire with an explosive substance like dynamite or gasoline. Some are even fiendish enough to use a live person as victim, if they are unable to obtain a corpse of proper size and weight. Recently, in a small town in Alabama, a father and son lured a man to their little cabin, tied him to the bed, and then tried to start a blaze with dynamite. The cabin didn't ignite, but the explosive blew it to bits. Enough of the body was left, however, for the officers to identify it as a recent acquaintance of the insured son. Both

father and son were convicted of first degree murder.

Obviously the impatience of dishonest policy-holders to get their hands on some of an insurance company's liquid assets seldom pans out. True, if the insured person waits until all the money covered by the policy is due, *he* won't be the one to get it. But if he tries to swindle it out of the company before that time, the chances are a hundred to one that he still won't get it. To him, it's a losing game either way.

THE REMNANTS

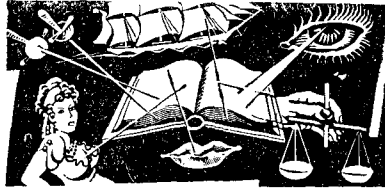
BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

We count our virtues when the conscience, torn
by inner poverty, disrobes the mind.
Although the holy, regal robes were worn,
we saw no rags beneath, for we were blind.

We praise ourself, remembering one day
when Pity moved us; when he came to beg,
we gave and then walked proudly on our way;
now we hear Pity walking with one leg.

And Love — O gently did we beckon her.
We took her, yes, but did we not confess?
Now like a wayward child the whispers stir
through shreds — the unused, silken bridal dress.

THE LIBRARY



JEWISH LIFE IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL

by **HAROLD U. RIBALOW**

ALTHOUGH novels on Jewish themes have been appearing in America for more than fifty years, the average American has only a vague idea of what American Jewish life is like; what Jews think about; what their traditions and customs are; what their problems are and how they face them.

Until the rise of Hitler, novels of Jewish content were read mainly by a comparatively small number of educated or synagogue-attending Jews and a handful of intellectuals or *avant-garde* of another generation. Sometimes a sensational novel by an exciting writer, like *A Jew in Love* by Ben Hecht, would titillate the general reading public. Or a solid work like Abraham Cahan's *The Rise*

of David Levinsky or Meyer Levin's *The Old Bunch* would burst the bounds of the Jewish literary ghetto. But in the main, novels about Jews were read solely by Jews, and to hear the complaints of Jewish publishers, rabbis and other communal leaders, even Jews refused to read about their own people to any appreciable degree. As a result, few Jewish writers — and there were many — devoted themselves to writing on Jewish subjects and Jewish readers did not take seriously any Jewish writers until they won recognition on the general literary scene.

During the past decade, however, awareness of Jewish issues and problems was sharpened, and many general publishers included at least one novel by a Jew about Jews on their annual lists. This has led to a trend of a sort. There has been a spate of books on anti-Semitism by writers

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like Arthur Miller, Saul Bellow and Laura Z. Hobson; there have been more than a score of war novels with Jews as major protagonists by such novelists as Irwin Shaw, Ira Wolfert and Norman Mailer; there have been "Jewish novels" by novelists so far apart in style and in material as Pearl Buck and Norman Katkov. Many areas of Jewish concern were treated — and still are being described — in current works of fiction, yet the general reader, picking up these books promiscuously, guided to them either because of the fame of the author's by-line or because of the enthusiasm of a particular critic or reviewer, who often has no background to judge the book accurately, has only a dim notion of Jewish life in this country.

Yet there have appeared, among the hundreds of novels devoted to Jewish themes, a handful which, if read by non-Jews in a number of concentrated sittings, will offer a better-than-fair idea of the American Jew; the background which formed his personality; the reasons for his neuroses, if any; the differences between himself and his fellow Americans. Many of these novels, upon their first appearance, shocked and bothered the Jews themselves. "What will the Gentiles say?" has often been their primary criterion, not only on works of art but on most activities in which Jews participate. For understandable

reasons, Jews in America, like Jews elsewhere, have become hypersensitive. When they read a book which contains a portrait of a mean Jew, one who scarcely does honor to the Jewish people, Jews become uneasy inwardly. Thus a serious work of fiction like Budd Schulberg's *What Makes Sammy Run?* antagonized many Jewish readers and literary critics. When Jerome Weidman's acid portraits of garment-industry Jews were first published, the hue and cry among Jews in America was loud indeed. The fact that these novels were published when Hitler was in the process of wiping out 6 million Jews did not make American Jews any more tolerant of their authors. The measure of a novelist was gauged by other than strictly literary attainments.

But many of the novels castigated by Jews as false and unflattering in their views of American Jews contained a measure of truth, an insight into Jewish living in this country which one would not find in the novels labeled "positive Jewish fiction." It should be added, however, that a huge proportion of novels of Jewish content are acid works rather than mellow, pleasant books. Apparently, "happy Jewish life," which is not necessarily impossible or improbable, is seldom considered good material for the novelist.

There are at least ten books pub-

lished during the past thirty-odd years which offer as accurate an insight into the American Jew as any ambitious social survey could offer. The novels are: *The Rise of David Levinsky* (Harper, 1917), by Abraham Cahan; *Jews Without Money* (Liveright, 1930), by Michael Gold; *Call It Sleep* (Ballou, 1934), by Henry Roth; *Singermann* (Farrar, Rinehart, 1929), by Myron Brinig; *The Old Bunch* (Viking, 1937), by Meyer Levin; *Eagle at My Eyes* (Doubleday, 1948), by Norman Katkov; *The Island Within* (Harper, 1928), by Ludwig Lewisohn; *Wasteland* (Harper, 1946), by Jo Sinclair; *The Victim* (Vanguard, 1947), by Saul Bellow; and *Gentleman's Agreement* (Simon & Schuster, 1947), by Laura Z. Hobson.

A few of these novels achieved best-sellerdom in their day. Others were read by only a handful and even now are completely forgotten by both readers and literary historians. Abraham Cahan, Michael Gold and Henry Roth all wrote of Jewish life on New York's East Side, when Jews from Europe jammed every immigrant ship to America and filled its cities. Yet each of these volumes has something special to offer. *The Rise of David Levinsky* and *Call It Sleep*, written 39 and fifteen years ago, remain solid fictional works, alive, vivid, naturalistic. Michael Gold's *Jews*

Without Money, a bitter series of Jewish vignettes, each tarred with the brush of Jewish poverty, is, in retrospect, over-acid and over-exaggerated. But in its passion, so overwhelming and so deeply felt, there are dozens of pages worth rereading and no reader can fail to ascertain some basic truths of Jewish life in America in a decade which is, happily, part of the past.

The Rise of David Levinsky, the story of a self-made garment-industry king, offers a detailed description of Jewish life in a small town in Europe, as well as a harsh, accurate portrait of the rise of an immigrant boy to eminence in America. Nowhere else in American fiction can one find such evocative and honest passages describing the impact of Jewish religious traditions and culture on a sensitive child; on the irritable and overworked Jews of a small European village in which the peasants always threatened to break loose and pogromize the Jews; on the helplessness and bewilderment of a penniless immigrant fresh from Ellis Island, without a friend in the New World. Less than fifty years ago, this was how Jews arrived in New York. How Levinsky manages to get started; the maneuverings necessary to begin his own business; the drive and ambition of a Jewish boy suddenly aware of the freedom in America; the gradual

manner in which he sheds his past, his surface Jewishness, and becomes "a successful American businessman," has been equaled only once or twice, by such writers as Ludwig Lewisohn. It has not been surpassed.

The Jewish ghetto of the East Side in Levinsky's day was full of hope and opportunity, mixed though it was with real poverty, with red-light districts, with sweat shops and with maladjusted Jews. Indeed, it is typical of the honesty of this novel that Levinsky himself, who experiences an abortive love affair, remains, at the end of the novel, an unhappy Jew, knowing that America has been good to him, but that, somehow, life itself has passed him by in many respects. There are not many David Levinskys in New York now, or in the rest of the country, but the sons of the Levinskys are here and they have been colored and shaped by the lives of their fathers.

II

The same may be said about the Jews in Gold's *Jews Without Money* and in Roth's powerful evocation of the jungle world of the East Side, as seen through the eyes of a sensitive Jewish youngster. Gold's work, which was acclaimed in its day, is uncompromising in its bitterness concerning Jewish life in America's biggest city. The narrator's parents, always fight-

ing to earn tomorrow's bread, must do battle against the cruel environment which breeds disease of the mind as well as of the body. The easy turn to lawlessness and gangsterism, so common in the twenties (and perhaps not uncommon today, as witness the novels of Willard Motley, Charles Gorham, David Dortort and many others), becomes clear to those who read Gold's volume. The mother, the peddler father and a host of other characters, sympathetically and savagely drawn, indicate that this book did more than portray a segment of American life at a particular period of American history. The men and women, the boys and girls who people *Jews Without Money* are reflected in many of today's Jews. The experiences which seared the Jews of a decade or two ago have left their brand on today's Jews, too. The boy whose father stood shivering on Second Avenue in an attempt to make a humble livelihood is a different person because of it. And, parenthetically, this novel, like the other books discussed here, will wipe away any stereotyped images which may be set in the mind of the average American concerning the wealth, power and influence of the Jews as a class of people. That the Jews are completely like other Americans in their struggle to surmount economic difficulties is only the most obvious lesson.

Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep* has been marked by many perceptive critics as the best novel ever written about American Jewish life. Roth never wrote another book. Perhaps this effort drained him of all his memories, of all his talent, of all his ambition. It is a large novel, conceived on a broad scale. In it, Roth lays bare the innermost workings of the heart of little David, the major protagonist of the book, his cruel, heartless father and his quiet, long-suffering mother. The New York jungle is never more dangerous and nightmarish than it is here. The dialogue of New York's cross-section of people, Italian, Irish, Jewish, Hungarian, is startlingly accurate. The vulgar four-letter words which still seem to shock readers today were used with dazzling effectiveness by Roth in 1934. David's world is a harsh one. His father hates him; his mother has a secret which tortures her; David himself is tortured in Hebrew school and envy of a Catholic boy he meets nearly eats him up alive. The novel, with all its harshness, contains a lyricism and pathos seldom met in modern fiction. David's mother, for example, emerges as a full-blooded woman, slightly bewildered by life in America, but capable, at the end of the novel, of facing up to her husband, and realizing that her own past love is forever gone. She is what the

gentile conceives to be "the Jewish mother," and indeed she is a remarkable person. But David, in his own way, is an equally remarkable child. His insecurity, his search for any possible faith and religion, his discovery of sex in its ugly manifestations, all brand and color him. The novel ends with David still a child, and the city closing in on him, with the reader remaining ignorant of David's future life. It is possible that David grew up to be an observant Jew. It is just as likely that he became indifferent to his upbringing, or that he turned to another religion or to atheism. In any event, *Call It Sleep* is a major novel, no matter how it is approached, and if anyone wants to know the elements which go into the making of the American Jew, this novel must be read.

The above-mentioned novels deal exclusively with Jewish life in New York City, which has more Jews than any other city in the world. But Jewish life is by no means uncommon in small towns and in other large metropolitan areas. Thus Myron Brinig's *Singermann* and Meyer Levin's *The Old Bunch* are required reading for any understanding of Jewish life in America, as opposed to Jewish life in New York alone. Yet the phrase "required reading" does not mean that these volumes are in any way dull, preachy books. Both pulse with

life, and the Levin novel is still available to book buyers. Its sales remain high, which is unusual, for the life of a novel, a modern American novel at that, is seldom ten years.

Brinig's *Singermann* is the first novel in a series about a Jewish family living in Montana. Brinig, who has since given up the Jewish field for the slick market and has written a number of popular, fast-selling novels, wrote *Singermann* out of the depth of his experiences. It is an ambitious chronicle about a Jewish family from Rumania which struggles to retain both its Americanism and its Jewishness in a crude, primitive mining town. The conflict is typical of Jewish life in America. The clash between the older and younger American generation is not new, but it has seldom been more clearly drawn than it is here. Moses Singermann, the father of the clan, is bewildered when his oldest son, prodded by his ambitious wife, sets up a clothing store of his own. And as each child goes his own way, the father loses a little more of his newly-won sense of security. The unhappy liaison of his son with a promiscuous woman; the death of his grandchild; the running away from home of a son maladjusted to small-town life — all these events bring to Moses Singermann a feeling that in America, too, in America, the Promised Land, life can be harsh and un-

equivocal. Life is a struggle, whether it be in a small mining town in Montana or in a village in Rumania. Yet these Jews in Montana are respected by their fellow townsmen. They are part and parcel of the community in which they live.

Levin's *The Old Bunch*, very much like James T. Farrell's Studs Lonigan trilogy, but informed with a warmth that Farrell's opus lacks, has been criticized many times by Jewish readers because it contains portraits of Jews who are "bad" Jews or unsympathetic Jews. Levin himself recalls that when his novel first appeared, it was condemned by a number of rabbis from their pulpits. Representatives of Jewish defense organizations called him to task, and Jewish readers largely overlooked the volume. Yet this chronicle of the lives of a group of Jews in a Chicago section is the most detailed, realistic description of Jewish life in this country that has ever been published. True, there are "bad" Jews. But their "badness" is the "badness" common to all Americans. Some are money-grubbers; some are lecherous; but others are idealists. One is a Zionist, probably the first real Zionist drawn in American fiction. Jewish organizational life is a convincing part of Jewish life in *The Old Bunch*, something that is honestly depicted for the first time in American fiction. The Jews who

are indifferent to Jewish customs, the Jews who are sexually promiscuous, the Jews who enter such peculiar fields as six-day bike riding are not uncommon. But neither are the "positive" Jews drawn by Levin. What is significant is not the balancing of the good against the bad, but that these people are alive, that they are drawn from life. As an over-all portrait, *The Old Bunch* remains the most authentic single novel written about American Jewish living in America — it may not be gracious living, or observant Jewish living, but that is how it is, in the main, and that is how Meyer Levin saw it.

III

That the Armenian stories of William Saroyan and the Irish-American novels of James T. Farrell are considered so largely a part of American life, while books like Brinig's and, to a lesser degree, Levin's, are so little known by the general American reader, indicates, to some extent, that the Jew does not have the stature of other minority groups in this country. That many basic Jewish problems remain unknown to the general reader is further reflected in other Jewish novels: the novels of Jewish-self-hate, the novels of intermarriage and of anti-Semitism. Generally speaking, non-Jewish readers know about anti-Semitism and intermarriage. But do

they have any true idea of the intensity and strength of *selbsthass*?

A work of fiction which combines all three elements — self-hate, intermarriage and anti-Semitism — is Norman Katkov's *Eagle at My Eyes*, which, when it appeared in 1948, was criticized by Jewish reviewers in Anglo-Jewish periodicals and by rabbis from their pulpits. That there are reasons to dislike the book is evident to anyone who reads it. It is recommended here not because it is fine fiction. As a matter of fact, it has, in spite of some real passion in the writing, large sections of poor writing, some unbelievable dialogue, and incidents which are weakly motivated. Nevertheless, it offers a view of a Jew who hates everything Jewish and of a Jewish couple which rebels against its son's marriage to a Christian. It is important that the non-Jewish world know that there are large numbers of Jewish families to whom the idea of intermarriage is abhorrent. One suspects, on the basis of most volumes on intermarriage, that the Jews are happy about it. Quite the contrary, and Katkov makes it clear. There is another reason why this book belongs on any list of novels which offers some understanding of Jews. Here is a Jew who hates himself, hates his people, hates the world and particularly hates Christians, yet he finally succumbs to the environment he hates

and, in the novel's climax, says to the world in general, to the Christian world in particular, "All right, you bastards, here I come!" Joe Goodman, the hero of this novel, symbolizes what can happen to an American Jew constantly under a barrage of hate. That there is self-animus here is hardly a matter of surprise.

Written twenty years earlier than the Katkov novel, Ludwig Lewisohn's *The Island Within* is a far deeper book than Katkov's. It deals with intermarriage and self-hate, and is informed with a kind of Jewish knowledge which Katkov, in his ignorance and bitterness, can never hope to equal. The attempt of Lewisohn's Arthur Levy and his family to assimilate, to break the "shackles" of Judaism, and the inevitable failure of the attempt, is the theme of Lewisohn's most famous book. The Lewisohn solution for Jewish happiness in America, that Jews turn to Orthodoxy and to the deep sources of Jewish religion and tradition, is an extreme answer which, it is obvious, few have accepted and few will. When Levy realizes that his life is an unhappy one and his non-Jewish way of living a false one, he sinks himself into Jewish communal and philanthropic work and the important task of saving Jewish lives abroad. This solution, promulgated by Lewisohn twenty years ago, seems to have been

good advice, for it has been followed by hundreds of Jews during the past decade or so, who have done mighty deeds in raising huge sums of money for Palestine and Jewish relief. Many of these Jews, active in fund-raising, are the Arthur Levys of today. As an example of the Jew who seeks escape from his heritage and does not find happiness, Lewisohn's *The Island Within* remains an important landmark in American Jewish writing.

Self-hate brought up-to-date (or up to recent psychiatric treatment for all ailments, including Jewish self-hate) is contained in Jo Sinclair's *Wasteland*, a \$10,000 Harper prize novel of 1946. Jake Brown, the novel's major protagonist, hates himself simply because he is a Jew. Brown's insecurity, his deep feeling of self-hatred, is cured by psychiatric treatment, which draws out of the Jew the reasons for his hatred and reveals to him that the very reasons are false ones. He finally achieves a cure at the Passover table, and returns to the Jewish fold. He belongs, and is content. The alienation of twentieth-century man, so widely written about, is made clear in this novel, which is beautifully done and penetrating.

Saul Bellow's *The Victim* was bought and read by only a few people, although *Time* magazine called it the best novel written on anti-Semitism and Alfred Kazin considered it an

important work of fiction. It is a Dostoevsky-like work, in which the insecurity of a Jew is so basic that he allows himself to be exploited in many ways by a non-Jew, who blames the Jew for troubles of his own making. The clash between Leventhal, the Jew, and Allbee, the gentile, is a subtle one, in which elements of anti-Semitism, neuroticism and sexuality are all brought in. If Jews are overly neurotic and over-sensitive, this novel does a lot to explain why.

The final novel on this list, *Gentleman's Agreement*, is, to be honest about it, no great work of fiction. Laura Z. Hobson is a competent novelist, particularly adept at hitting the slicks. It is, however, an interesting study in social anti-Semitism as practiced by those people who are usually among the first to deny that they have anything against Jews. As a book, a movie and as a serialized novel in a mass circulation women's magazine, *Gentleman's Agreement* was read by millions and seen by many more millions. It hit a mass market. It is popular in both the best and worst sense of the word. But it is a sign of maturity that the work should have had such wide distribution in so many media, even though its theme

was a generally forbidden one. That *Gentleman's Agreement* is slickly written and superficial is not of major importance in this instance. What is important is that the Jew and Jew-hating have interested America's reading public no less (in the case of the Hobson novel) than the breastly historical novels. The fact that this novel is directed at precisely those Americans who think they have nothing against Jews, and that these very Americans have read and are reading this novel, means that the theme of anti-Semitism in fiction has at least left the Jewish domain and is now public property, which is all to the good.

These ten novels, dealing as they do with Jewish adjustment to American life, with anti-Semitism, with family chronicles, with self-hate, and with a variety of other themes peculiar to the Jew, are important to those who would understand the American Jew. Not all of Jewish life is here, but there is enough of it to advance the knowledge and understanding of the Jew who lives in America and is of it and who wants to remain part of it, just as every other American wants to be considered an American, without qualifications.



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THE CHECK LIST



HISTORY

THE GRAND ALLIANCE, by Winston S. Churchill. \$6.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. In this third volume of his long history of World War II, Mr. Churchill devotes himself almost entirely to the fateful year 1941, when Hitler attacked Russia and Japan bombed Pearl Harbor. He writes with the same rounded phrases, the same sweeping declarations, the same rumbling sonorities as in the preceding two volumes. Some readers will be endlessly fascinated by this sort of prose, while others will be repelled by its ornateness and its impudent irrelevance to the great theme, which is great enough without being "highlighted" by phrases, however grandiloquent. As always, Mr. Churchill relies heavily upon documents, which he reprints *in extenso*. Mr. Churchill reaches the heights of his history of 1941 in his remarks upon Russia: "War is mainly a catalogue of blunders, but it may be doubted whether any mistake in history has equalled that of which Stalin and the Communist chiefs were guilty when they cast away all possibilities in the Balkans and supinely awaited, or were incapable of realizing, the fearful

onslaught which impended upon Russia. We have hitherto rated them as selfish calculators. In this period they were proved simpletons as well. . . . Stalin and his commissars showed themselves at this moment the most completely outwitted bunglers of the Second World War."

AMERICAN-RUSSIAN RELATIONS IN THE FAR EAST, by Pauline Tompkins. \$5.00. *Macmillan*. A detailed and documented chronicle of our disagreements with Russia on Oriental questions since about 1800. Miss Tompkins, a lecturer in political science at Wellesley, concludes that the record has been "conspicuously lacking in inspiration, ingenuity, or vision"; from the earliest days of these relations down to our sell-out of China at Yalta, she feels, we have never been guided by anything much loftier than expediency.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

WAR OR PEACE, by John Foster Dulles. \$1.00. *Macmillan*. In this book Mr. Dulles reviews the efforts made by the United States during the past five

years to preserve the peace. Unfortunately, he has little to contribute to the discussion of the subject save vague hopes and pious generalities. He admits that we have no real peace now, but, he adds, "there is no place now for a panicky assumption that war has become inevitable." And as for the United Nations, he apparently doesn't know just what to say about it, though he has spent much time in it as an official of the United States. He agrees that the United Nations has had grave and persistent failures, but he still sees a silver lining: "we can know that, even as it is, if it does not shrink in stature, it is a powerful instrument for peace."

A MEASURE OF FREEDOM, by Arnold Forster. \$2.50. *Doubleday*. Mr. Forster has done a very thorough and extremely valuable job of research upon the merchants of hate, especially the merchants of hate of the Jews, in the United States today. He takes in all the major organizations, including the Christian Front and the KKK, and he also has much to say about the activities of such very dubious "patrons of patriotism" as Gerald Smith, Joseph Kamp, Upton Close, Mervin Hart, and Allen Zoll. He supplies very illuminating information about discrimination in schools and colleges, in the professions, in sports, and among the "better classes." Every statement in the book seems to be amply documented, and the writing is clear and forceful. The book is published under the auspices of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith. It is a document of high scholarship.

BIOGRAPHY

DIARY OF A DEAN, by W. R. Inge. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. This diary of the celebrated Dean of St. Paul's runs from 1911 through 1934. Occasionally there is a penetrating remark, as for example: "Don't fancy yourself disinterested when you are only uninterested, and don't fancy yourself attracted by God when you are only repelled by man." But most of the entries are petty, pointless, and even ludicrous. For example, the complete entry for October 29, 1922, is: "High Mass in the Cathedral. The clergy wore gorgeous copes." The complete entry for November 12 of the following year: "At Oxford I spoke at the Union, not too well. A great crowd of undergraduates." And the very last entry in the book, for October 1, 1934 is: "I went back into trousers." At the end, Dean Inge reprints his Romanes Lecture in 1920 on "The Idea of Progress," and his Rede Lecture in 1922 on "The Victorian Age." The two lectures apparently were designed to "fatten up" the present volume. They make interesting reading, but like so much of the Dean's writing they sag under the load of quotations from other thinkers — so much so that the reader hardly knows whether the Dean has any ideas of his own.

PROUST, *Portrait of a Genius*, by André Maurois. \$4.50. *Harper*. A brilliant and truly artistic interpretation of the life of Marcel Proust, which includes an important cache of unpublished letters and notes by the great French novelist, from the files of Madame Mante-Proust and

others. M. Maurois sheds much new light on the author's childhood, especially his introspective self-assessments, his views on homosexuality, his overbearing love for his mother, and his delight in his own illness (asthma). The book is particularly valuable because of three critical chapters on *Remembrance of Things Past*, which Maurois interprets as "the struggle waged by the Spirit of Man with Time." He finds in its massive structure a "secret symmetry" based on a few simple recollections, and a style enriched by the unparalleled use of associational metaphor. Maurois believes that Proust recaptured both the "eternity" of childhood and the disillusionment of the adult world through his weakness, excessive sensitivity and love for society. Altogether, an exceptionally fine piece of biographical writing. The translation by Gerard Hopkins is excellent.

I LEAP OVER THE WALL, by Monica Baldwin. \$3.50. *Rinehart*. Miss Baldwin, niece of the former British Prime Minister of the same name, left a Catholic convent in 1941, after having been a nun there for almost thirty years. Here she tells how she accustomed herself to the turbulent life of the outside world, and while doing so she also reveals a great deal about the mode of living within a highly secluded religious establishment. The book makes very exciting reading, for Miss Baldwin is an observant, witty, and lively person, with definite opinions of her own and a profound need for personal independence and integrity. It is abundantly clear why she felt so miserable in the convent,

but unfortunately she never makes clear why she entered it in the first place or how she tolerated life there for so long a time. One hopes she will soon write a sequel.

EDITOR TO AUTHOR, *The Letters of Maxwell E. Perkins*, edited by John Hall Wheelock. \$3.75. *Scribners*. At his death in 1947, Mr. Perkins was considered one of the greatest book editors in the history of American book publishing. He "discovered" or greatly helped a large group of writers, including Hemingway, Wolfe, Lardner, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, Fitzgerald, and Nancy Hale. His heroic labor in getting into shape Wolfe's barrels of manuscript material is best known to the general public. In these letters Mr. Perkins reveals himself to have been a polite, kindly, perceptive, and highly conscientious editor. Mr. Wheelock has done a capable editing job, but why didn't he select some letters by Mr. Perkins that reveal him to have made mistakes, some of them stupendous ones? Mr. Perkins would have liked that, for he knew he was a human being, with all the frailties of the race.

CHARLES DARWIN, by Paul B. Sears. \$2.00. *Scribners*. **ALBERT EINSTEIN**, by Leopold Infeld. \$2.00. *Scribners*. **JAMES JOYCE**, by W. Y. Tindall. \$2.00. *Scribners*. These are the first three volumes in the *Twentieth Century Library*, edited by Hiram Haydn. Dr. Sears is professor of botany at Oberlin College. He is apparently a man of wide learning, for he relates Darwinism not only to other sciences but also to

current politics. He writes ably and his book offers a fine introduction to the life and work of one of the truly great men of the past one hundred years. Dr. Infeld, who is a professor of mathematics at the University of Toronto, tries heroically to make the various relativity theories of Einstein intelligible to the lay reader, but nearly always he just misses. He devotes hardly any space to Einstein's personal life, since the scientist seems to have little personal life in the generally accepted sense. Dr. Tindall, who teaches at Columbia University, is so reverential to the memory of Joyce and so much the professor of legend that his book makes difficult reading. It may be very smart, in the academic world, to say that Joyce was probably a "part of the great tradition extending from Dante to Ibsen and Rimbaud," but it really adds nothing to the understanding of Joyce and probably means nothing anyway.

POETRY

POETRY AWARDS. 1949. \$2.00. *University of Pennsylvania Press*. This is the first of a projected annual of "best" poems published in American, Canadian, English, and Australian periodicals. There are 60 poems. The selections were made by an editorial board composed of Robert Thomas Moore, Joseph Joel Keith, Hildegard Flanner, Norreys Jephson O'Connor, and Lionel Stevenson. There is a special section for undergraduate verse, but prizes were offered in every category. The over-all impression is excellent. Some of the poems are not wholly intelligible, some promise

more than they deliver, and one is quite bad, but by and large the poems are first-rate as to emotional thought and as to technique. One can quarrel with the judges about the prize winners, but only because there are so many in the collection that are of such superior quality. "Old Men's Ward," by Elma Dean, which originally appeared in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, clearly belongs among the latter. Altogether a most worthy venture that merits the support and good wishes of all lovers of poetry.

MID-CENTURY AMERICAN POETS, edited by John Ciardi. \$4.00. *Twayne*. A significant anthology of fifteen poets who have come "of age" in the last decade, which indicates a trend toward stability, and perhaps, toward mediocre competence. Editor Ciardi claims they are "unmistakably American . . . the final evidence that America has found its own literature." At his insistence, each poet has prefaced his section with an expository essay, which usually announces the wedding of difficult modern techniques with simpler, more easily comprehensible forms. The tough, sure images of Robert Lowell add needed stature to the anthology, and there is ample evidence of excellence, seriousness and wit among such contributors as Shapiro, Mayo, and Bishop. But there is also an air of retreat about the whole collection, as if most of these poets would be contented, as Peter Viereck obviously is, to be no more than sophisticated bantamweights. The poets included are: Richard Wilbur, Peter Viereck, Muriel Rukeyser, Theodore

Roethke, Karl Shapiro, Winfield T. Scott, John F. Nims, E. L. Mayo, Robert Lowell, Randall Jarrell, John Holmes, Richard Eberhart, John Ciardi, Elizabeth Bishop, and Delmore Schwartz.

thority on the works of James Joyce, whom he professes to admire. The ghost of the great Irish writer must be writhing in pain at the spectacle of this monstrous blob of religious pulp.

LODESTONE, by Sjanna Solum. \$2.00. *Dierkes*. Miss Solum's range of emotions is limited, and she can be banal, as witness "Vermonters," "Early Colonials," and "Summer Soporific." But she also possesses an intensity of feeling and sharpness of insight that are truly remarkable. "The Shape of Things Not Seen," "No Almanac for Moderns," and "Concentric Circles," to mention only three of her poems, are excellent. She is a gifted poet and one well worth watching. *Lodestone* is a good first volume of verse.

FICTION

THE CARDINAL, by Henry Morton Robinson. \$3.50. *Simon and Schuster*. Mr. Robinson takes a poor boy, Stephen Fermoye, born in Greater Boston, carries him through the seminary, his various parishes, and his final elevation to the Cardinalate, in which high ecclesiastical post he is on speaking terms with the greatest in his own church and in world diplomacy. The ritual of the Catholic Church is described at length, so are some of its dogmas, and there are pages dealing with the minor frailties of the clergy. Mr. Robinson has written a Catholic Horatio Alger story, with all the lack of imagination that went into the Lanny Budd stories of Upton Sinclair. Mr. Robinson claims to be an au-

I, MY ANCESTOR, by Nancy Wilson Ross. \$3.50. *Random House*. In her latest novel, Nancy Ross joins the growing protest against hypertension and falseness in present-day civilization. Her Thoreau-like protagonist, Thomas Stewart, has deserted his family for a life of radicalism; he presides over a small group of intelligent friends on an island in the Pacific Northwest. His son, an Eastern movie executive, breaks down under the competitive strain of New York-Hollywood commercialism, and visits his father's island to recover. He learns there that to be one's own ancestor is to discard conformity to the heritage of modern materialism, and to go on alone, with restored individualism, even in the midst of commercialism. This message, though genuinely conceived, is badly diluted by mystic overtones, amateur psychology, and sophomoric omniscience.

HIE TO THE HUNTERS, by Jesse Stuart. \$3.00. *Whittlesey House*. A case of hero-worship in the Kentucky foothills, where runaway city-boy Didway Hargis tags behind Jud (Sparkie) Sparks, an ace tobacco-spitting imitation of Huckleberry Finn. Didway grows big and strong while Author Stuart flavors the book with feuds, possums, polecats and barnburners, but the sum total is little more than an adventure story for gullible boys and callow adults.

THE OPEN FORUM



THE DEBATE ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

SIR: Please permit me to say to the readers of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* that the Reverend Alson J. Smith's comments on Christian Science and Mary Baker Eddy, its discoverer and founder, in "The 'Fringe' Religions" [See the April 1950 issue], are deplorably unauthoritative and incorrect. They are made up largely of borrowed derisive and ill-intentioned statements by others — statements which, through court decisions and documentary evidence, have been clearly and conclusively established as ungrounded and false.

Such uninformed and biased statements are neither new nor original. Nor are they confined to the present day reinstatement of primitive Christianity — Christian Science. The Bible records instances of unjust attacks on spiritual teaching. One can well heed Gamaliel's rebuke to those who would have stopped the ministry of the disciples and apostles (The Acts, v: 38, 39): "And now I say unto you, Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought: But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow

it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." The truth expounded by Christ Jesus has stood through the centuries! It is on this same basis and for the same reasons that Mrs. Eddy's discovery of the clearly demonstrable divine Science contained in the Bible will stand.

What Christian Science is, what it actually teaches, as well as the place of Mrs. Eddy in revealing its healing presence among men, can be readily learned by any sincere student from study of the Bible, the writings of Mary Baker Eddy, and the current publications of The Christian Science Publishing Society, available to all at Christian Science Reading Rooms. What Christian Science is doing to benefit mankind is fully attested to by the countless thousands of authenticated healings it has accomplished — healings of all manner of disease both acute and "incurable," both functional and organic. Let him who would weigh Christian Science consider the multitudes it has restored from the very depths of despair and misery to health and usefulness, to stability, rectitude, and happiness.

No amount of mere arguing, pro and con, can afford an understanding of any truly scientific subject. Christian Science is no exception to this perfect rule. Familiarity with this Science, the manner of its appearing, and its works will effectually answer assertions such as the Reverend Mr. Smith's. At the same time, it will provide a finer and more enlightened basis for individual life-experience, especially in troubled times.

Far from being a "fringe religion," Christian Science has wide recognition today as the fourth major religious group. It has more than 3000 churches, in many countries. It has more than 10,000 officially listed practitioners whose professional occupation is healing the sick.

During the late war, it was assigned 26 chaplains for the armed services; and also cooperating were 135 uniformed wartime ministers, 495 civilian wartime workers in this country, 25 officiating ministers and authorized workers abroad, and 481 overseas volunteer wartime workers in the Allied armed forces. Approximately \$12 million was expended in war relief work, in addition to large contributions of food and clothing by local churches.

Its daily newspaper, the *Christian Science Monitor*, is recognized everywhere as one of the world's outstanding newspapers because of its integrity, fairness, and breadth of viewpoint. Christian Science is today recognized by all our 48 states as a lawful healing ministry, dependent wholly upon spiritual means. Its teaching is entirely opposed to the premises of auto-suggestion, human psychiatry and spiritualism. It is based only

on the spiritual teachings of the Master Christian, who said (John xiv: 12): "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth in me, the works that I do, shall he do also."

WALTER W. KANTACK
Christian Science Committee
on Publication for New York

New York City

SIR: It is interesting to note the continuing sophistry used by the spokesman for Christian Science [Dewitt John in the March *MERCURY*], with regard to the famous "fall" by Mrs. Eddy, and her consequent healing. I should like to quote from an affidavit made by the physician who attended her at that time, which was published in the Springfield (Mass.) *Union*, on January 2, 1907. He states that she was "very nervous, partially unconscious, semi-hysterical, complaining by word and action of severe pain in the back of her head and neck. . . . [She] proved to be a very interesting patient, and one of the most sensitive to the effects of medicine that I ever saw, which accounts for the effects of the small doses of morphine. Probably one-sixteenth of a grain would have put her sound asleep. Each day that I visited her, I dissolved a small portion of a highly attenuated remedy in one-half a glass of water and ordered a teaspoonful given every two hours, usually giving one dose while there. She told me she could feel each dose to the tips of her fingers and toes, and gave me much credit for my ability to select a remedy. . . . I visited her twice on February 1, twice on the second, once on the third,

and once on the fifth; and on the thirteenth day of the same month my bill was paid When I left her on the thirteenth day of February, she seemed to have recovered from the disturbance caused by the accident, and to be, practically, in her normal condition. I did not at any time declare, or believe, that there was no hope for [her] recovery." The affidavit was signed by Dr. Alvin M. Cushing of Springfield.

One of Mrs. Eddy's biographers states that Mrs. Eddy again called Dr. Cushing to attend her the following August for a bad summer cold and cough, at which time he prescribed the usual remedies.

As a former student in the Christian Science Sunday School and a former professional practitioner . . . I can relate the frequency with which the "fall" fable is told and believed by students of this religion. Last year, I resigned from the movement for such reasons and many others I shall relate in a book I am in the process of writing, to be entitled *Amazing Allegiance*.

ERWIN MARK STERN

Syracuse, N. Y.

NATUROPATHY DEFENDED

SIR: Dr. Wassersug's article, "The Case Against Naturopathy," [May, 1959] is full of appalling statements. I'll comment on them rapidly.

Having been brought up medically, all the naturopathic ideas that I now hold were anathema to me, but they proved themselves so frequently in my practice that I said fifty thousand Frenchmen cannot be wrong, but 150,000

medics can be wrong. If Dr. Wassersug would rather take an aspirin than an enema, then he is a bigger fool than I thought, for he shows his ignorance of the effects of that drug on the nerve system — not to mention the innumerable reflexes that are set up or rather destroyed by aspirin or any other pain killer.

His favoring the coal tar products shows that his observational powers are faulty, to put it mildly, for he should be aware that cancer is one of the results of coal tar products. Why do we have more cancer than ever: because, he will say, our diagnostic methods are more accurate. That accounts for a small percentage, but the real reason is that the modern methods of the medics are cancer-producing.

There is one statement that I can't resist making in regard to Dr. Wassersug's remark that medicine has contributed more good health than all the naturopath's pseudo-science. Bernarr MacFadden contributed more to the health of this U. S. than the whole medical profession put together. These hosts of scientists that Wassersug mentions are the subjects of the drug trust and can't see the woods for the trees. Scientific apparatus does not guarantee scientific deductions.

Immunization depends on good blood, not on slop and poisons injected or inoculated.

An honest investigation like the *Jun-gle*, by Upton Sinclair, would show conditions that would throw that book into the shade for horror.

Antipyretics: why does the medical

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profession suddenly recognize the necessity for artificial fever? . . .

Indirectly, Dr. Wassersug acknowledges the value of naturopathy when he praises physical medicine, which is the medical name for naturopathic procedures, all of which have been previously denounced as quackery.

THE MECHANIST

Pensacola, Fla.

OSTEOPATHY

SIR: In his rebuttal of Dr. Wassersug's "Case Against Osteopathy," [see the January **MERCURY**] Dr. Donald B. Thorburn, in February's "Open Forum," quotes Oliver Wendell Holmes to support his claim that around the middle of the last century members of the "orthodox" medical profession used inordinate quantities of drugs in their treatments. Holmes, of course, was no osteopath, though he did oppose wholesale drugging; but Dr. Thorburn unfairly represents Holmes' stand by the fragmentary quotation which he gives.

Dr. Thorburn would have it that Holmes proposed to do away with therapeutics altogether. What Holmes actually said in his "Currents and Counter-Currents in Medical Science," was the following:

"Throw out opium, which the Creator himself seems to prescribe, for we often see the scarlet poppy growing in the cornfields, as if it were foreseen that wherever there is hunger to be fed there must also be pain to be soothed; throw out a few specifics which our art did not discover, and is hardly needed to apply, throw out wine, which is a food, and the vapors

which produce the miracle of anaesthesia, and I firmly believe that if the whole *materia medica*, as now used, could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind—and all the worse for the fishes.”

During his lifetime this passage was often quoted by Holmes’ more conservative detractors, who, like Dr. Thorburn, left out the italics on the qualifying phrase “as now used.” It also has been quoted before in Dr. Thorburn’s truncated version, beginning with “I firmly believe . . .”

But this is the first time, as far as I know, that it has been mutilated to make Holmes seem to endorse one of the “irregular” arts of healing.

CHARLES BOEWE

Syracuse, N. Y.

SIR: Mr. Boewe is jousting with windmills. My use of a shortened version of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes’ remarks was in the interest of space saving, not to distort the original meaning. The italicized words—italics Mr. Boewe’s, not Dr. Holmes’—merely prove my point: that Dr. Holmes was completely out of sympathy with the *materia medica* “as now used.” Dr. Holmes meant—as now *misused*.

If Mr. Boewe will read my rebuttal more carefully, he will see that osteopathy does not now, and never did, believe that no drugs at all should be used. Enough of Dr. Holmes’ words were used to show his attitude toward the improper use of drugs. Osteopathy agrees with the stand taken by Dr. Holmes.

DONALD B. THORBURN, D.O.

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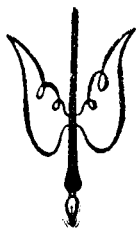
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